

CORONET

SEPTEMBER

25c



Picture Story:

**The Battle
of the Atlantic**

New Bookette:

**Corner
Druggist**

New Fiction Feature:

**House
Party**



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Cover Girl

Scandinavian-born Puk Paariss has been in America less than two years, yet has crowded into those years a successful career as a model plus parts in two musicals. Recently she wed Dr. Gevaert, who managed Belgium's exhibit at the World's Fair. They were last reported honeymooning in Hawaii, she having dropped the name Puk, her own invention. Her portrait on this month's cover was shot by Manhattan's well-known Barrett Gallagher.

War, automobile accidents and the "trailer women" are all furnishing the Drys with ammunition for their new anti-liquor fight



Prohibition's Attempted Comeback

by MICHAEL EVANS

JUST OFF the highway, a mile from a big army camp in a certain southern state, there's a beer joint called Jim's Place.

Jim's Place is a rough, unpainted pineboard shack with a dozen booths, a juke box, several slot machines along the rear and a low counter behind which the pasty-faced proprietor dispenses beer. Outside are a couple of rusty gasoline pumps and a shabbily painted trailer. This is headquarters for three "trailer women," streamlined version of the most ancient profession.

Afternoons and weekday nights these girls are often found sitting at the counter in Jim's Place waiting for business. They pay Jim a weekly rent, and he has arranged with the local sheriff for a telephone tip if the army orders a raid. Business is good for the girls.

On pay-days they frequently enlist an amateur from a nearby farm to help out.

The presence of these "trailer women" at Jim's Place and the presence of several thousand like them in the immediate vicinity of most new army camps and defense projects has lighted the spark to a startling train of events. Life has been breathed into a ghost laid to rest only eight years ago amid toasts of champagne cocktails and real whiskey highballs.

It's true. The ghost of Prohibition is stirring in its musty shroud and once more threatens to stalk the land—a much more healthy corpse than you'd expect considering the three billion gallons of spirits that have flowed over its pickled soul since that jubilant December 5, 1933 when Repeal was officially proclaimed.

The Drys were blitzkrieged in 1933. The haughty Dry lobby no longer caused strong statesmen to cringe. Their powerful press support was split wide open, their state organizations shattered. But history has a curious habit of repeating itself.

What is putting Prohibition on its feet again?

Several things. The healing passage of time has worked wonders. And war and the "trailer women" scandal have given the Drys a new chance to raise their ancient battle cry. Thus far, the public is hardly aware that the Drys are riding again. Even the liquor industry has been lulled to a false sense of security. The country tried Prohibition once, some say. It will never fall for that headache again.

But not all spokesmen of the industry are so confident. As early as last April a liquor trade publication warned:

"Let's fight back. A passive attitude will not stave off Prohibition. The public must learn the truth." It backed that warning with a prediction that at least six states may go dry within the year.

Nor was the publication talking through its hat. Less than six weeks later—with the general public still blissfully unaware — the

Drys came within a whisker of slipping through Congress the opening wedge for a new Dry era. The bill was described as a measure to give the government powers to deal with the "trailer women," but it carried a joker that might have brought total Prohibition back to most large cities of the country.

But let's go back a bit.

PROHIBITION seemed dead in 1933. But deep inside, it was still alive in every city and state in the Union. The ardent Drys did not change their convictions and philosophy on December 6, 1933. They had given years of work to place Prohibition in the Constitution, and though they knew the road would be harder than before, they started out again.

How had Prohibition been put over in the first place?

By a campaign that began in the grass roots of America, in the rural regions and the small towns, in the broad reaches of the Middle West, the narrow confines of New England and upstate New York, the Bible belt of the border states and the deep expanse of the Old South. The big cities always hated Prohibition and showed it by flouting the law.

So the Drys went back to the

grass roots—to the little towns where they had made their first start with the local option laws. And gradually they began to make some headway. Of 12,400 local option elections conducted since Repeal, the Drys have won 7,700.

In the big distilling state of Kentucky, for instance, they have scored notable successes despite the mint juleps and mountain moonshiners. No less than fifty Kentucky counties and 1,340 local governmental units have voted Dry by local option. This is nearly half the state and represents a boost of seven counties and 209 local units in the past year.

Pennsylvania, to select another notable distilling state, now has more Dry territory than at any time since 1871. The last count showed 1,148 localities with local option Prohibition and the total is steadily growing.

True, nothing like a Dry bandwagon has started, but the trend is plain. In approximately 1,600 local option contests during the past year, the Drys registered a

net gain of seventy more communities under the Dry blanket.

MORE THAN a year ago the Prohibitionists quietly scored their first portentous victory in a referendum, when South Carolina voted to repeal statutes allowing the

sale of liquor. And last spring the South Carolina legislature narrowly defeated proposals to carry the intent of the referendum into law. This gave the Drys their first opportunity to demonstrate their political

blacklist tactics. They have threatened to ax all South Carolina legislators who voted against the Dry law. If they make good their threat at the polls, they will provide a political object lesson which may go far toward shoving the rest of the politically-Dry, drinking Wet South back to state prohibition.

If the Drys can start a trend toward state prohibition, they will be at least a third of the way back toward national victory. This sounds like bogey talk, but its content of realism is plainly visible



in Washington, D. C. There, for the first time since 1933, the Dry lobby is not only evident but vocal. Prohibitionist literature is flourishing. *The Voice* of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church, issuing from a building just across the broad lawns from the Capitol, reports its circulation at an all time high. All along the front there is a stirring to life.

Prohibitionists are building up strength on the Pacific Coast, too. In Oregon they have put over a liquor advertising code which they now seek to spread to other states. Under this drastic measure no claim can be made for any food or therapeutic values in liquor, no appeal can be made to patriotism through illustrations of the flag or national emblems, no representations of a woman, child, family scene, persons preparing drinks or holding bottles are permitted, comic strip ads are banned, no testimonials, contests, portrayals of athletes or public characters are allowed, no ads may appear on Sunday, no recipes for drinks may be printed nor may any reference be made to a public holiday.

This regulation comes on top of voluntary newspaper censorship which the Drys estimate already restricts or bars liquor ads from about a fourth of the news-

papers in the United States. The Drys are pressing strongly for a ban on radio advertising of liquor, either voluntary or by federal law.

Backing up these efforts is an effective use of propaganda—statistics and sordid stories, mostly from the metropolitan press, showing the grist of tragedy and crime with which liquor is linked.

Biggest statistical shot in the Dry locker is the National Safety Council's finding that liquor is involved in one out of five fatal auto accidents. This is supported by local figures such as those of a Cleveland survey, disclosing that ninety per cent of auto accidents between midnight and five A.M. involve liquor.

OLD SCIENTIFIC arguments are re-emerging, furbished with new statistics. The Drys claim that forty per cent of the 25,000 annual admissions to Bellevue are for drunkenness or causes traceable to liquor. They cite FBI figures that in the most recent year available 592,510 arrests for drunkenness were made in the 1,214 leading cities of the country. They claim Adolf Hitler's strength is rooted in his teetotaler inclinations and Nazi restrictions on liquor. They cite Marshal Henri Petain's statement blaming France's fall upon

alcohol and the pernicious aperitif.

This propaganda is making headway. The Dry lobby in Washington misses no chance to bring liquor scandals to the attention of the legislators. But it is the war which has given the Drys their biggest boost. War has given them long-term economic allies — the necessity for concentrating industrial production in war-useful industries (of which the liquor industry is not one), prospective demands for use of all grain stocks for food (limiting basic materials needed for distilling), higher liquor taxes (reducing liquor consumption and encouraging bootlegging scandals).

AGAINST this background, the late Morris D. Sheppard, Texas senator who fathered the Prohibition Amendment, introduced into Congress Senate Bill 860 which proposed absolute prohibition for all "premises used for military or naval purposes" and authorized the Secretaries of War and Navy to extend similar regulations to "the areas surrounding premises used for military (or naval) purposes, *as deemed useful in the efficiency, health and welfare of the Army (or Navy).*" Another section gave authority for a similar ban on prostitution. The bill stirred little at-

tention when first introduced. Then the scandal of the "trailer women" began to build up. It got to be an Army headache and impelled General Marshall to make this public comment:

"Establishments for the purpose of selling liquor are increasingly active in the communities adjacent to the camps, and in some communities there has been an influx of persons of questionable reputation."

The Drys picked up Marshall's statement and used it as a battle cry. They appealed for action on Sheppard's bill, not pointing out that army and navy establishments are located near almost every large city in the country and that the military authorities would be empowered to bar liquor from entire cities.

Still, when Senator Sheppard made his customary address upon the anniversary of the Eighteenth Amendment last January, no one saw an early Dry success.

And when a fortnight later Senator Sheppard died, the outlook seemed even less hopeful. But then the Drys got busy. Letters began to flood Congress. The state legislatures of Maine, Minnesota, Iowa and Colorado asked action on the Sheppard bill.

The House passed a bill dealing

solely with regulation of vice around camps, but when it came to the Senate, Johnson of Colorado amended it to substitute the Sheppard bill with the Prohibition clause. The Senate approved this measure by unanimous consent, and only an eleventh hour objection from Senator La Follette of Wisconsin blocked passage.

Belatedly the liquor industry rushed a complaint to Washington. Secretaries Knox and Stimson came out with statements denouncing the proposal as "an invasion of American rights." Thomas L. Dewey, on behalf of the United Service Organizations,

attacked the measure, and Elsa Maxwell announced that "the boys want beer" and ought to be allowed to have it.

This stemmed the progress of the Sheppard bill for the moment. But the Drys have tasted blood.

They probably won't win any early victory, but they have made Prohibition a public issue once again.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

WHAT PRICE ALCOHOL?

by Robert S. Carroll, M. D. \$3.00
The Macmillan Company, New York

TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK

by C. H. Durfee \$2.00
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York

Value Received

THE famous doctor, Ignaz Philipp Semmelweis, who did so much to decrease the number of mothers dying in childbirth, was cornered by a wealthy dowager at a social gathering in Vienna. She occupied an hour of his time in a lengthy description of the pain she occasionally suffered in her left knee. "What do you think I should do about it, Doctor?"

"I would advise you to give up drinking," he replied, "and go to bed early. And wherever

you go be sure to keep your knees warm." The lady thanked him and then coyly remarked, "Since this is a social occasion I daresay that I cannot send you a check for your professional services."

"No indeed," replied the great doctor, "the advice that I give outside my office at dinners and parties never costs anything." He paused and then added: "But, incidentally, such advice never cures anything either." —ALBERT BRANDT

The woman "whom Hitler fears most" tells the behind-the-scenes story of what is happening today both in Occupied France and in Vichy



The Coming French Revolt

by GENEVIÈVE TABOIS

AS A FRENCH woman, writing just one year after the Armistice, I can state positively today that the division of my country into two zones—occupied and unoccupied France—was a stroke of genius on the part of Adolf Hitler!

Thanks to this division, the Führer has been able to accentuate the controversies between Frenchmen. With the devilish cunning of a fiend handling a human chess table, he is now able to play one France against the other.

Let me add, however, that the reason for rumors that Hitler intends to occupy Paris with his troops for a period of twenty-five years, time enough to permit a "healthier generation" to take over, is that the Führer sees the "leak" in his plan which makes its collapse inevitable. His intrigues

are bound to provoke a wave of popular wrath in my country which will take merciless revenge against the Führer as well as against those Frenchmen who are playing his game.

True, there have been reports of the adherence of numerous distinguished Frenchmen to a policy of collaboration. These facts have inspired some commentators to state: "Today France has become the least French of French-speaking countries!"

But close perusal of day-to-day life in both zones reveals a more encouraging aspect of the reaction of French men and women to the catastrophe. For it is important to note that the atmosphere one breathes in occupied France is very different from that in unoccupied France.

The reaction against the Führer

and the Fascists there was much more eloquent. Among Parisian middle classes, the very thought of Germanism has now become very close to unbearable. Daily, one sees samples of hostility to the invading forces, some very skillful. For example:

German officials in Paris had noticed that their entrance into a restaurant was the signal for the French men and women present to rise and depart. They thereupon instituted a regulation whereby diners were compelled to remain for a minimum period of fifteen minutes following the arrival of a German official. Now, one witnesses the following scene daily: The German officer enters. Frenchmen ostentatiously take out their watches and, after discontinuing the remainder of their luncheon, fold their hands on their stomachs and sit with their hats on their heads waiting for the fifteen minutes to be up!

GERMAN OFFICIALS, these days, confine themselves mostly to theaters and music halls where they find a less hostile reception. Here again, we see tangible evidence of the Führer's skill in playing one group against another.

Carefully, he selects an influential group or person, and will use

such persuasive methods as to make it almost impossible for a human being to resist. Here, for instance, is a story about Raimu, the beloved French actor:

After the Armistice, Raimu had peacefully retired to his hometown of Marseilles. But there he was approached by one of Goebbels's men, who urged him to visit the Führer's emissaries in Paris. The actor protested, explaining his rheumatism, his age, his fear of an unheated Paris, unheated trains. But he was finally obliged to give way to insistent reassurances he would be comfortable.

Indeed, he not only found his train compartment heated to perfection, his trip enjoyable, his hotel more than luxurious, but he tasted foods which he had almost forgotten. Even his own special brand of cigars had been purchased for him! The Nazis were so eager for him to play in their first French production that they insisted upon paying him a substantial advance on the contract, the story continues.

At any rate, when he returned to Marseilles, townsfolk had to admit it didn't sound bad!

Nevertheless, in occupied France, activity against the Nazis is particularly consistent and well organized within the working

class groups. Sabotage acts are committed daily, aimed to interrupt production within factories working for Germany.

Thus telephone wires are cut, machine tools dismantled and traffic indication signs (mainly necessary for the information of the invaders) carefully turned in the opposite direction. These facts are generally unknown to the public abroad because a severe censorship prevents the slightest publicity.

In the unoccupied zone, strangely enough, the reaction is much weaker. The key to the problem here can be found in the existence of the Vichy government. For workers in this zone seem less inclined to sabotage Hitler's work when it is presented to them indirectly by the Old Marshal himself.

WHO ARE these Frenchmen who collaborate with Germany?

Well, first there are the men in the government at Vichy—imprisoned by their decision to remain in France. Without discussing the merits of Marshal Pétain's decision to remain in France, we must recognize that by adopting it, he condemned himself to become each day a closer collaborator of the Führer's regime.

France's functionaries constitute the second major category of collaborationist. Their motives are obvious. Whether military or civil servants, there is the bread and butter problem. They have wives and children—and feel obliged to keep their jobs.

Finally the third category of collaborationists consists of a small fraction of the French population itself. Figures estimate that ten per cent of French men and women in the occupied zone, and twenty-five per cent in the unoccupied zone, have fully accepted the New Order ideals being propagated by the Vichy government.

An examination of the elements within this group will reveal firstly members of French industrial circles. Since Germany today is directing the whole of French economy, it is obvious that in order to accumulate profits, one must remain on a friendly basis with the conquerors.

The second group within this category includes various intellectual free-lancers and political leaders known for years for their Fascist sympathies and ruthless personal ambition. These leaders include M. Pierre Laval, Pierre Étienne Flandin, Jacques Doriot, Marcet Deat and Gaston Bergery. In the same way, certain writers,

including Alphonse de Chateaubriand, Drieu La Rochelle and Emmanuel Berle, have made their names because of their pro-Fascist tendencies.

And finally, it has not been difficult for the invaders to find, among Parisian society, scores of men and women who readily accepted them. It will be remembered that after Napoleon's fall in 1815, the Allied Armies were welcomed with open arms by Parisian high society. Today Nazi officers are entertained by Parisians whose ancestors so graciously welcomed the Duke of Wellington.

In this task, they are assisted by the various artists to whom the Führer has displayed the greatest generosity and indulgence. Thus, Charles Trenet, a popular singer whose exquisite verses are the very essence of French beauty and charm, has received from the Nazis the title of "Honorary Aryan." And the Russian ballet dancer, Serge Lifar, gives magnificent performances for the benefit of the German Embassy.

Nevertheless, one can state categorically that seventy-five per cent of the population in the unoccupied zone and ninety per cent in the occupied zone are stubbornly opposed to any gesture of collaboration with the Nazis—and

refuse to accept the National Socialist and Fascist doctrines.

Among these, the principal leaders of French democratic traditions, such political men as Edouard Herriot, Paul Boncour, Jeannenet, Champetier de Ribes and Louis Marin are included.

And while some intellectuals sing the praises of the New Order, many others have remained faithful to the Republic—and are working for its restoration.

THIS GROUP has had to suffer much from the persecutions of the actual leaders. François Mauriac, the great Catholic novelist and a sworn foe of fascism, was the victim of a terrible campaign of slander by the Vichy government. The press for days denounced this man as a corruptor of youth, as a hypocrite, and so forth. And André Gide, another great name in French literature, disappeared directly after a vicious press campaign against him.

Thus, while it has become obvious that Vichy's policy unmistakably is to "make all concessions in national and international policies to Germany in order to maintain for France the integrity of its national and colonial territory", it is also just as important to observe that the French

population is definitely determined to throw out Nazi doctrines.

What are the perspectives for the future? Popular resentment has today taken such proportions that well-informed observers have been predicting the strong possibility of a civil war even before the end of German occupation.

At any rate, there is no doubt whatever that the war today being waged by the Reich against the Kremlin will have the greatest effect upon the future of France.

A Nazi-sponsored anti-communist crusade in France will doubtless be the occasion for a regrouping of all democratic forces around the Communists—a gathering of all anti-Nazi forces in France.

But it must be clearly stated that the France of the future peace will not be a Communistic France. French political leaders in exile, generally anticipate—and I myself tend to favor this opinion—that the result will be the success of the Popular Front—the same union of Socialists, Radicals and Communists which failed in 1938!

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

FRANCE: 1815 TO THE PRESENT

by Wolf

\$3.00

Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

FRANCE, MY COUNTRY

by J. Maritain

\$1.25

Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York

TRAGEDY IN FRANCE

by André Maurois

\$2.00

Harper & Brothers, New York

ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED

Anonymous

\$1.00

The Greystone Press, Inc., New York

Semper Paratis

LOUIS XIV once got into an argument with the Cavalier de Grammont regarding the obedience of his people; to what extent were the King's subjects obliged to obey his commands? De Grammont thought there should be limits.

"Not at all," exclaimed the King heatedly, "there can be no limits to the duty that subjects owe their sovereign. Why,

if I should order you tomorrow to throw yourself into the sea, I should certainly expect you to do so without hesitation."

De Grammont turned and made hastily for the door.

"Where are you going?" cried the King.

"To learn to swim, Sire!" replied De Grammont, disappearing down the corridor.

—BLANCHE KAHN



The Coronet Monthly Gallup Report:
Each month the Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion makes a special report for Coronet on some topic of general and current interest. This month, Dr. Gallup analyzes the controversy over strikes and defense industries, so much in the public eye of late.

Shall We Outlaw Defense Strikes?

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

The Issue:

Should strikes in defense industries be prohibited by law?

The Poll Question:

Should the U. S. government forbid strikes in industries manufacturing materials for our national defense program, or should the workers in those industries continue to have the right to go on strike?

How the Public Votes:

Forbid Strikes.....	76%
Don't Forbid.....	19%
Undecided.....	5%

A comment on this opinion

A series of studies in public opinion by the Institute shows that the American public is riled up about defense strikes and wants something done to remedy the situation.

The majority of Americans are not "anti-labor." They believe in collective bargaining, and they approve of labor unions as instruments for bargaining. But they also hold strongly to the opinion that American defense efforts should not be halted by multiple strikes.

For many months before the Labor Mediation Board was created, the public favored a national mediation system, which it wanted to be compulsory, not voluntary. Eighty-five per cent went on record for such a system in a survey last March. Compulsory mediation would thus be one plank in the public's platform for controlling strikes.

Item number two is a cooling off period in labor controversies. A large majority voted in favor of a thirty-day cooling off period before a strike could take place in a defense industry.

If these milder courses do not bring results, the public, judging by the results of the current poll, is willing to move on to the next

item—legislation to outlaw strikes in defense industries.

While there is relatively little sentiment for further New Deal "reform" of big business, there is considerable sentiment for "reform" of labor unions. As one voter in the survey puts it:

"I would hate the thought of forbidding strikes. But defense work shouldn't be stopped for any reason nowadays."

A LARGE segment of American voters—more than half—believe that defense production has not gone ahead fast enough and they lay the blame chiefly on strikes. Indeed, five times as many people blame strikes as blame politics or profit-seeking on the part of businessmen.

But quite apart from the question of which side is right, the public has apparently gained the impression that the unions are chiefly at fault, which means that labor unions face a public relations problem that may prove of serious consequence to the American labor movement in the future.

The two groups which have always been most critical of unions and union tactics, polls show, are the white collar middle class and the farmers, especially the latter.

*Newspaper headlines which far outshadow
today's news of death and destruction
are being written high on Mount Palomar*



Palomar, Telescope of Destiny

by LOUIS L. PRYOR

WORLD headlines have heralded epochal events since the dawn of the 1940's. Nations have fallen, a large part of the earth has been remapped. Yet none of these happenings will match in historical significance the news that may course the headlines when California Institute of Technology's mighty 200-inch telescope keeps its rendezvous with the stars.

Already the eyes of the scientific world are turning to Mount Palomar, a peak in California. Fifty miles to the south lies San Diego; more than twice that distance to the northwest is Los Angeles. Between these cities, rising out of the tangled wilderness like a gigantic silver balloon poised for a takeoff, the dome of Palomar observatory nudges the sky.

What is this phenomenon? What wonders will it work?

The Palomar giant is the world's largest telescope — one million times keener than the human eye. Practically everything about it, from its massive mirror to its mountain moorings, has been planned and built on a herculean scale. Phrase-makers, fumbling for words, have called it the latest "wonder of the world."

It was born in the brain of the late Dr. George Ellery Hale, founder of Mt. Wilson observatory who, as long ago as 1928, first put his concept into words. His brief sketch about what a 200-inch telescope might do gained backing by the Rockefeller interests.

Progress, for obvious reasons, has been slow. Even the search for an ideal location—calling for right air conditions, climate, freedom from storms and earthquakes

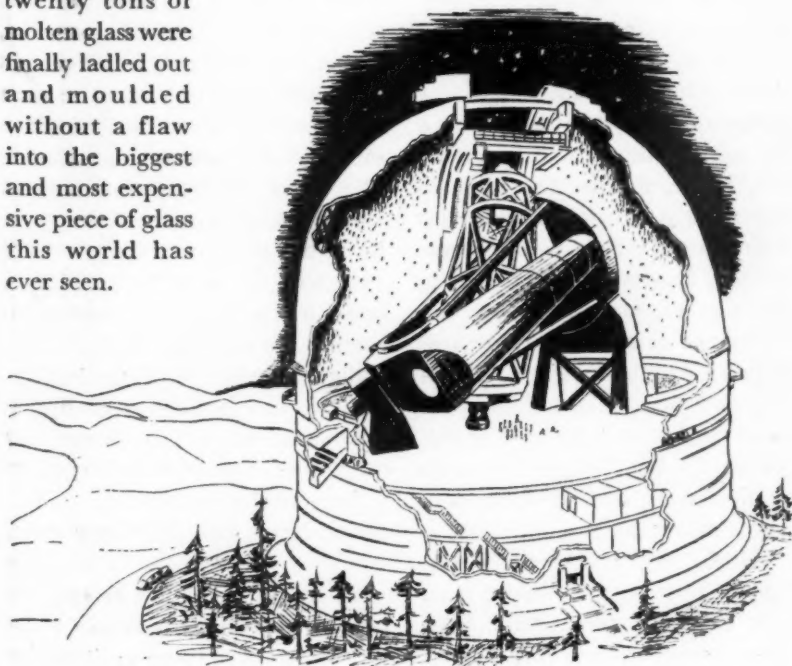
as well as aloofness from large cities with their interfering lights—required almost five years. So enormous was the Palomar project that no single manufacturing concern in the world could have produced it. Separate units were “farmed out,” and master technicians in virtually all fields participated.

Casting the enormous mirror alone demanded the working of a miracle. The first attempt, in March 1934, developed a fault. But in December of the same year, twenty tons of molten glass were finally ladled out and moulded without a flaw into the biggest and most expensive piece of glass this world has ever seen.

Then came still another problem. The mirror had to be transported 3,000 miles by rail from one coast of the country to the other.

The seventeen-foot disk and its huge case, standing upright, towered so high over the rails that it was feared the top would not clear several tunnels en route. Bigwigs from many fields, including railroad presidents, fumed and fretted over the problem of planning its route.

That was in 1936. Today, the



SEPTEMBER, 1941

200-inch mirror — the only remaining piece still to be fitted into the 750-ton jigsaw on Palomar Mountain—is still being polished and tested in Pasadena. Otherwise, the telescope appears as it will when opened, perhaps in 1943.

Meanwhile, ever-increasing thousands of motorists are hitting the trail to Palomar up the Highway to the Stars. There they may look at the telescope but not *through* it. The closest view permitted them when the giant goes into action will be from a glass-enclosed room alongside. In this way, no awed whisper will disturb the air around the instrument; no footfall will cause costly vibration.

But up in the "sky cage" above the mirror, things will be different. There, for the first time in history, astronomers will ride with their telescope as it swings across the sky. Fantastically dwarfed to the size of mannikins by the mammoth instrument, they will be carried with the telescope in a cage at the upper end of the tube. From this vantage point they will observe the light that is thrown up to them from the 200-inch concave mirror below.

Within their reach will be billions of unseen stars—more than eight times as much of the Universe as man has ever seen before.

Theirs will be the thrill of "first nighters" sitting in on the greatest of all dramas—the dawn of a new golden age in astronomy.

"BUT WHAT," asks the hard-headed man on the street, "can all of this mean to me?"

"What are chances of seeing a skyscraper on Mars?" he wants to know. "How many times will the 'scope magnify the Sun?"

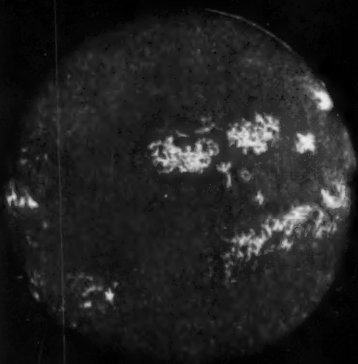
To all this the man of science shakes his head in negation. Curbstone discussions about canals on Mars irritate him. The new telescope is being launched to solve mysteries that dwarf all these questions. And contrary to an idea once popular about it, the 200-inch disc is a mirror, not a lens. It will *not* magnify what it sees. What it will do, superlatively, is bring in vastly more light.

It will be as if man, forever cooped up in one windowless room, were suddenly to break the walls of his room—only to discover that he has been living all the time in a big house with numerous other rooms—each packed with mysteries enough to tantalize the soul of Pandora herself.

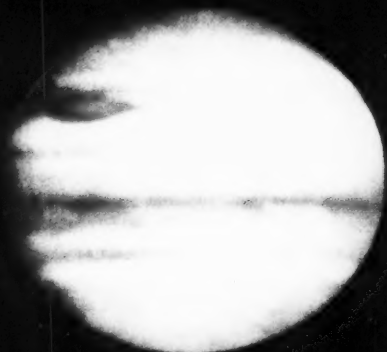
TO THE MAN on the street the problem of the Expanding Universe is just a phrase—not a prob-

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Another shot of the sun, this time viewed in the violet light of calcium clouds. 866,000 miles in diameter, the sun has a surface temperature of 10,000°. The darker spots are cooler regions.



Jupiter, ten times the size of our earth and 400,000,000 miles farther removed from the sun, is the largest planet. The planet's cloud-laden atmosphere of freezing gases is seen.

The nebula in Orion, a cloud of gas stars many of which, shown here as sun. Part of our Milky Way, it is five

The Heavens in C

These photographs, shot through the astronomer's telescope, reveal the vastness of the universe. The above arc, for instance, is our sun's glow of hydrogen. These clouds, rising to heights of 100,000



Cloud of gas and dust, illuminated by a nearby star, appears here as specks, are bigger than our planet. It is five million billion miles away.



Mars, smaller and cooler than the earth, is the only planet possibly inhabitable. The white spot above is the cold polar region. The famous so-called canals are too small for photography.



The ringed planet, Saturn, most beautiful body in our solar system, is nearly a billion miles distant. The rings contain myriads of dust particles—probably remnants of an exploded moon.

Stars in Color

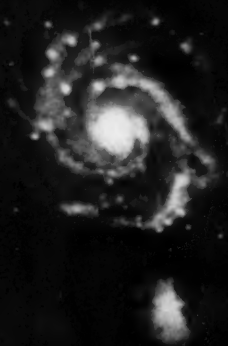
Stars, as seen through a telescope, are simply an extension of man's vision. The sun, for example, is our sun's edge, seen through the brilliant red of the sun's atmosphere. The sun's surface, moving at 100 miles per second.

The moon, its face scarred by mountains, craters and lava flows, is a dead world, made uninhabitable by lack of air and water. 250,000 miles distant, it is our astronomical "close-neighbor."

Looking Skyward . . .

REALIZING that few of us will ever look through a great telescope, Coronet herewith presents a group of reproductions of some of the marvels of the heavens, revealed by astronomical photography. Here we see, swimming in black night, a few small, cold, neighboring worlds—the moon and the planets. Their light comes only by reflection from the sun which, as a typical star, is a giant energy-creating machine, pouring out light and heat generated in its interior. Yet our sun is but one of billions of stars making up our local universe, the Milky Way. Moreover, there are other universes scattered through space, the spiral nebulae. From them, our earth would be hopelessly invisible, our sun one of a faint haze of stars, our entire universe a mere faint speck of light, visible only through the largest of telescopes.





The light we see from this "nearby" island universe left the earth over three million years ago. At this fabulous distance of two billion billion miles, our own sun would be completely invisible.



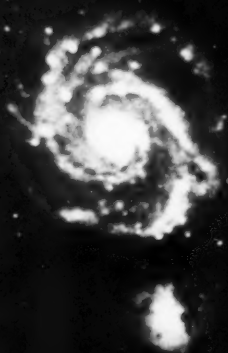
This comet, a strange member of our solar system, was visible in 1908. Its head contains some solid matter, out of which are blown streamers of gas ten million miles long, forming the tail.

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lem. But to the astronomer and the scientist it is a vital problem—one whose solution might settle the question of the world's birth.

The mighty Palomar telescope may solve that problem.

Astronomers, among other things, seek to know how old the Sun is, to estimate how much longer it will burn, and thus find out how much longer the man on the street will have an Earth to crawl on.

Palomar's giant of science may bring the answer to that one, too.

When the huge Palomar telescope reveals at long last "what eye hath not seen," we may want to throw away our automobiles in favor of some now unimaginable creation that might even obsolesce the fantastic equipment of a Buck Rogers. Men of science constantly are seeking to project their minds and energies *outside the Earth* in order to do new things *with the Earth*.

For instance, in the 19th century, astronomers discovered in the Sun a new element which they called helium. Whereupon, Earth-bound scientists, obtaining the "fingerprints" of this strange element from the astronomers, promptly discovered that helium existed on the Earth. Now this second lightest of all gases lifts

dirigibles and serves earthlings in other ways.

The telescope at Palomar, transporting the eyes of astronomers off the Earth farther than ever before, may bring about many such discoveries that will revolutionize our present life. Who knows what secrets the giant may rip from the sky? Perhaps, as we wait, it might be apropos to pose one more question.

What has this telescope of destiny cost?

Not much—just about *one-fifth* the cost of *one* small arms ammunition plant.

Editorial promoter for the Chicago Daily News, Louis L. Pryor is writing copy on its famed foreign service. During the past two decades he has pounded a number of typewriters into the junk heap and thereby won a nationally known name for himself in radio, advertising and newspaper circles. His varied researches have made him something of an authority on a wide variety of topics, and he is an artist of considerable ability, as well. Mr. Pryor is numbered among the regular author-consultants of Coronet.

—Suggestions for further reading:

GLASS GIANT OF PALOMAR	
by David Oakes Woodbury	\$3.00
Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., New York	
PAGEANT OF THE HEAVENS	
by F. W. Grover	\$3.00
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York	
STARS AND TELESCOPES	
by James Stokley	\$3.00
Harper & Brothers, New York	
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME	
by Sir James Jeans	\$3.00
The Macmillan Company, New York	

THE NIGHT of December 7, 1900, was far from peaceful on the planet Mars—according to astronomer Dr. Percival Lowell. On that night, the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, saw a shaft of light project outwards from the disk of Mars. The brilliant beam appeared to be hundreds of miles in length. It was observed for 70 minutes.

Sometimes the light seemed to fluctuate. Dr. Lowell even thought he could distinguish some sort of code. The phenomenon was given world wide publicity. Leading American astronomer Professor William Henry Pickering said the occurrence was "absolutely inexplicable."

And there the tumult and shouting ended.



MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN, then 23, of St. Louis, was a normal, intelligent young woman greatly interested in athletics. It was only out of mild curiosity that she decided on a July evening in 1913 to amuse herself with a ouija board. Yet on that July evening a personality calling herself *Patience Worth*, claiming to have been a New England settler in the 17th century, began writing literary works by means of the ouija board.

For twenty years novels, poems, epigrams and parables were written by this entity. The work was of a high literary quality and was com-



Forgotten

"Because you threaten to impede man's march to understanding; because you are both unreasonable and well authenticated; because you would destroy many a noble theory; because, in short, you are true

pletely beyond either Mrs. Curran's training or talent. Much of the material dealt with early 17th century New England and contained facts, idioms and background which Mrs. Curran could not possibly have known.

The very nature of the strange phenomenon made fraud impossible, and the case is now firmly ensconced in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. To the end there appeared but two possible explanations: either the human brain can carry within it a personality which has access to apparently supernormal information, or else an entity, either living or dead, is sometimes able to use the brain of a normal human being as an instrument through which to express creative thought.

To choose between such alternatives is hard, to deny the facts is harder still—to forget is much easier.



SOMETHING unbelievably monstrous, something with staring eyes a foot across, rose slowly out of the

Mysteries

stories that should never have happened; we, The Powers That Be, sentence you to be officially forgotten. Henceforth, you may be told only over a drink and appear only in such places as the columns below."

calm Pacific at eight o'clock of a September morning in 1920. At least that is the story as sportsman Ralph Bandini told it in several nationally known publications. He said it was the sea monster of San Clemente, that a hundred other men had seen it.

What Bandini claimed he saw was a giant barrel shaped body which was six feet thick, topped by a reptilian head that was covered with thick, coarse hair. Widely spaced in the head were two bulging eyes at least 12 inches in diameter.

Obviously only a small part of the monster was above the surface. Bandini estimated that the bulk of the entire creature must have been greater than that of the largest whale. He mentions the odd fact that, although there was a little roll to the sea at the time, the monster did not rise or fall as a whale would. The waves hit against it and broke.

That is the story. The light was good, the observers steady, sober, intelligent men. Before the monster slipped again beneath the surface, Bandini had maneuvered his boat to within less than 300 yards of the

creature, at the same time observing it through seven power binoculars.

If some nightmare shapes out of this earth's strange past do occasionally rise before the eyes of men, it does not matter how accurately the tale is told. No one will believe.



ON DECEMBER 6, 1930, thick yellow fog, different from that which any resident of the area had ever experienced, cloaked the Meuse River Valley. Those who entered the fog shrouded area were choked and suffocated. In one day there were 60 deaths and 300 cases of acute illness. The hospitals of Liege became "like World War days." People feared to leave their homes. They peered out into the fog filled night fearfully.

There were explanations, of course. It was blamed on fumes from a zinc factory, but the zinc factory was discovered not to be in operation. Then it was blamed on a hidden cache of World War gas. That story, too, was blown up. And then, as mysteriously as it had come, the Yellow Fog of death lifted and men saw again the clear sunlight and no longer smelt that strange and indefinable odor.

It was a scare headline once, but that was when men still had the delusion that the terror of the coming war consisted in its diabolic weapons rather than in the slow bite of blood and tears. —R. DEWITT MILLER

Medical research has set up a pretty good "defense plan" of its own in combatting our most relentless enemy—the common cold



Outwitting the Common Cold

by ISHBEL ROSS

IN TIME of war, one common scourge still sweeps impartially through nations, armies and the home, leaving its own particular trail of wreckage. That scourge is the common cold, which actually speeds up its inroads when martial forces are let loose.

Even under normal conditions, though, the common cold is the number one malady of the United States. Respiratory ills outnumber all others twenty-five to one.

And the cost? Well, the National Association of Manufacturers reports that colds represent a loss to the country in working time of \$1,500,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the sheer misery and tragic complications so often traceable to neglected colds.

No amount of keep-fit propaganda alters this situation. The cold is an accepted evil. The only

sure way to avoid it, paradoxically enough, is to live in the Arctic regions, where the infection is virtually unknown except when the virus is brought in from the outside world.

No one doubts any longer that the common cold is a straight infection. That is why public health authorities have made it clear even to the most indifferent that sneezing children must be segregated from their fellows, that crowded places nourish cold germs and that coughs, sneezes and noseblows should be quickly enveloped to corral the flying spray.

Nevertheless, despite these elementary rules, the cold flourishes, and the average adult can be reasonably sure of joining the unhappy army of sufferers at least two or three times a year. Most likely it will be in the early fall

or between February and May.

Statistics on the common cold, unfortunately, have little point, since innumerable persons go around ignoring their sniffles. But Dr. George Gallup estimates that more than fifty million adults had colds in this country last winter. Out of this impressive parade, thirteen million had two or more colds, and seven million were laid low three or more times—making an appalling total of impaired energy, lost working time and general futility. Geographically, the West had the best record, and the South showed the greatest susceptibility. The Atlantic seaboard with its wintry gales and climatic fluctuations came somewhere in between.

NO WONDER then, when leaves begin to fall, the early vaccine seekers turn to their doctors for their annual "cold shots"—a custom growing in favor throughout the country. Hundreds of thousands of adults and children today face each winter fortified with their own private stock of fighting bugs, which sometimes win and often lose in the battle with the filterable virus that causes the common cold but eludes the microscope of the scientist.

"Keep up your resistance," ad-

vises the doctor, sneezing as he blows his nose and puts on his rubbers. Like his patient, he too is helpless to ward off the recurrent cold. Indeed, until recent years he had no better prescription to offer than nature's own remedy—rest and time—which is still the best treatment once the virus has taken hold.

In 1941 though, more and more he is advocating the use of cold vaccines for preventive purposes. He even tries them on himself and his family—the best tribute he can possibly pay to a treatment still somewhat inconclusive as to results.

For the evidence assembled so far indicates merely that while the vaccine may not always reduce the susceptibility to colds, it does mitigate the symptoms, shortens the period of fever and reduces the danger of complications.

Not completely convincing, to be sure. But it is convincing enough so that it is now commonplace for parents and their children to line up for the first of their injections each year before school opens and the chill winds begin to blow. And while the custom is still more urban than rural, even the country doctor is no scoffer when it comes to cold vaccines. He has seen too much

of the devastation wrought by the common cold in children. There are known age cycles of susceptibility and the years up to five are the most dangerous. From twelve to eighteen is a period of comparative immunity; then comes another acute cycle in early manhood, which is duplicated in the years of senility.

Occupation sometimes is a factor in the rapid spread of the cold virus. Office workers get nine times as many colds as taxi drivers, who seem to have

achieved some sort of immunity of their own. Subway travelers hit a high average, and schools are notorious breeding grounds for the common cold. In countries at war, bomb-proof shelters offer new concentration points for cold germs.

DR. WILLIAM M. GAFAFER, of Johns Hopkins, made a series of studies some time ago to see if he could relate the catching of colds to certain well established patterns of living. He tested subjects who slept with their win-

dows wide open and others who scarcely opened theirs at all. He chose types who exercised vigorously outdoors in cold weather and stay-at-homes who hugged the fire. He collected data on those who dressed lightly in frigid weather and others who bundled

up to the cars. Yet when his experiments were complete, he was forced to conclude that results were not sufficiently definite to warrant any scientific deductions.

Just as long as the cold virus

eludes detection, most all inquiry of this sort will continue to lead to the same dead end. It is only in preventive technique—in “cold shots”—that definite progress is being made.

Dr. Alphonse R. Dochez and Dr. Yale Kneeland, Jr., of Columbia University, were among the first physicians to do research with the preventive vaccines. They tested groups of children and found the treatment worth trying, particularly if sustained over a long period of time and used in carefully selected cases. And like



most of the men who have pioneered in this field, they urge caution in the hit or miss dosage of oral vaccine.

For it is the oral method, less favored by physicians, which is most popular with the public. Obviously it is simpler and cheaper to take pills than to undergo subcutaneous injections. Three of the leading chemists put up these pills under trade names, and they can be bought over the counter with prescription, like vitamins. Each winter their sales have gone steadily upward. Incidentally, the pills prepared for the Western trade differ in composition from those sold in the East, the explanation being the variations in the organisms harbored by Easterners and Westerners.

One difficulty in the subcutaneous type of injection is to compound the right bugs in the necessary proportions so that they won't fight with one another rather than with the common enemy. This is what usually happens in the case where injections seemingly fail altogether.

INDUSTRIAL health services charged with the prevention of illness among large groups of employees have done intensive research to see what merit the tech-

nique of cold vaccines might have. The fact that 59,000,000 working days are lost each winter through the common cold, makes understandable the industry's tremendous interest in the subject. As a matter of fact such concerns as Bell Telephone, Eastman Kodak Company and the New York Stock Exchange have furnished thousands with such vaccines.

The telephone company, for instance, has offered its employees the cold vaccines ever since 1920. The treatment is launched at the end of September, and at least 1,000 employees take advantage of it every year. When the spring check-up is made it is usually found that from seventy-five per cent to ninety per cent of the inoculated group have suffered less from severe colds than the control group.

When Eastman gave subcutaneous vaccines to 115 particularly susceptible employees it was found that fifty-seven per cent reported no colds or mild ones. True, that particular year the weather was temperate, and the control group did show a record almost equally good—facts which rendered these findings not particularly convincing. But many other large organizations nevertheless either offer the vaccines free to their em-

ployees or urge them to get them from their own doctors.

Reactions of various persons to either form of cold vaccine treatment are highly individual; where one person benefits, another takes one cold after another. Still the treatment is always worth trying and those who have had it almost invariably return for more. For if it helps them one winter it is likely to do so the next, although other factors enter into this, such as the mildness of the weather, or the general physical condition of the subject.

One of the most common mistakes made in regard to cold shots is to start the season with a few treatments and then to let matters rest. The medical profession is pretty well agreed that the best

results are obtained only when the treatment is kept up over a long period of time, and it is not unusual for children to get injections steadily from the middle of September to the middle of May.

After all, the momentary discomfort of a pinprick is small compared with the week or ten days of rheumy congestion usually experienced while a cold runs its appointed course.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

DOCTORS DON'T BELIEVE IT—
WHY SHOULD YOU?

by August Thomen, M.D. \$2.50
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York

DIET IN SINUS INFECTIONS AND COLDS

by Egon V. Ullmann, M. D. \$2.00
The Macmillan Company, New York

COLDS: CAUSE, TREATMENT,
AND PREVENTION

by Russell L. Cecil, M. D. \$1.00
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

Walk Softly

DURING a visit out West, President Theodore Roosevelt called on a certain Indian chief and delivered the following admonition:

"It has come to my attention that you have acquired and are supporting five wives. This is against our morals and in flagrant violation of our laws. You will have to get rid of four

and be content with one."

The much-married chief, who had listened with rapt attention, replied, "You great white fater, and I do what you say, if you do something for me."

"What is that?" Teddy inquired.

"You pick one me keep and go tell other four."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

Only a preponderance of small graves in the cemetery remain to remind folks in Bath of that morning of horror, fourteen years ago



Michigan's Schoolhouse Murders

by LAWRENCE MCCrackEN

THE SCENE: Bath, Michigan — population 325. The time: May 18, 1927.

It was the last day of school. Apple trees were in bloom, aproned housewives gossiped cheerfully over back fences, men spaded the warm earth in their gardens. From open windows of the Bath Consolidated School came the faltering singing of the kindergarten class as it marched and sang to the music of a phonograph — the warm air was pregnant with the promise of lazy summer days ahead.

It all went to complete a scene of rural content—the picture of a town where nothing ever happened.

And then, suddenly, an ear-torturing roar—echoing, reverberating through the village!

Village dogs, drowsing in the

sun, gave startled yelps and fled frantically. Jay Pope, lather still covering his face and apron about his neck, leaped from the barber's chair. At Lansing, ten miles away, the roar of the blast soon had automobiles jamming the roads, seeking its source.

A block from the business district, the roof of the north wing of the new two-story brick school rose five to six feet with the explosion, then settled slowly as walls and floors sagged and crumbled. A curtain of dense, black smoke blanketed the building.

For a long minute there was stunned silence.

Then came the screams of the fifty and more children trapped and dying. From the south wing, still standing although ceilings had fallen and windows were broken,

children leaped through sagging sashes, scattering like frightened chickens with a hawk overhead.

Village men tore at timbers and masonry with bare hands. They found one teacher, Miss Eva Gubbins, buried beneath concrete with the lifeless body of a small boy across her chest.

"We can't get you out, but we can pray," they told her. She was a prisoner for forty-five minutes but survived. A small boy, freed from imprisoning timbers, scampered away like a scared rabbit.

Scant minutes after the explosion, Andrew Kehoe drove up in his battered old car. He was a man of consequence—treasurer of the school board and an "electrical wizard" to his neighbors.

Kehoe looked at the shattered school and laughed gleefully. Without leaving his car, he called to Emory E. Huyck, thirty-year-old school superintendent. As he approached, Kehoe reached into the back seat. There was another roar as explosives in the car let go.

Bits of metal from the old machine were sprayed about like shrapnel from an exploding shell. Kehoe was literally blown to bits—bits so small he could be identified only by a bit of scalp with a wisp of gray hair found twenty or thirty yards away.

Leo Clayton, a student, had jumped unscathed from a window and was racing from the building. A heavy metal part of the car tore at his abdomen. Postmaster Glen Smith's legs were ripped away, Huyck's body riddled. All died.

Farmers, hurrying to town, reported that Kehoe's home and farm buildings were in flames—gasoline and dynamite had been found in them. Twenty-four hours later, the battered corpse of Mrs. Kehoe, tied to a wheel, was found.

As terror piled upon terror, teachers herded surviving, whimpering children into the center of wide fields.

STATE POLICE, and R. O. T. C. members from Michigan State College, deputy sheriffs and newspapermen flocked into town. Ambulances and hearses crowded the streets. Nurses and doctors were called from their homes and their patients to treat the child victims already crowding Lansing hospitals. Bodies of the dead were brought from the wreck and placed on the school lawn.

One woman walked away pulling absent-mindedly at her hair until blood streamed down her face from her torn scalp. Others took small, crushed bodies into their arms and ran through the

streets to their homes with them.

No one interfered—few spoke. Hardened police went about with tears streaming down their cheeks.

First editions of metropolitan newspapers ascribed the blast to a boiler explosion, but the burning of Kehoe's buildings and the explosion of his car brought a new theory: Kehoe had deliberately planned murdering the children.

While trapped children still cried for help, rescue work was abruptly halted.

"Bushels of unexploded dynamite have been found in the building," state police explained, while officers gingerly carried out several bushels of dynamite.

By noon, the death toll stood at forty-four, only three of whom were not teachers or students. But discovery of the explosive revealed the enormity of the crime planned.

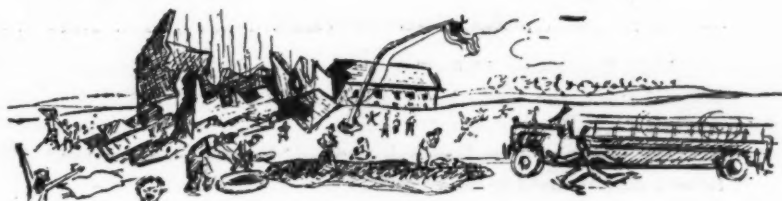
Kehoe plotted to kill every child of school age in Bath Township—about 260. He had labored painstakingly for weeks to that end. Only the unexpected pulling of a switch had prevented complete tragedy.

Dynamite and pyrotol had been planted in the caves through pipes, windmill rods and bamboo poles. Kehoe knew his explosive, and the crude but powerfully effective bombs had been distributed carefully.

Gun powder fuses were laid and the whole wired carefully with joints soldered. A container with gasoline which could be exploded with a push button was found in the basement. The preparation had required days of toil in crawling beneath the wings and wiring in cramped positions.

An alarm clock with wires leading to three "hot shot" batteries to set off the bombs was found in the ruins. Battered hands of the clock had stopped at 8:45.

TO PSYCHIATRISTS, Kehoe was an interesting case who escaped them. A good mechanic but a poor farmer, his buildings were the best kept in the township, his crops the poorest. His wife developed tuberculosis. He was soon in serious financial difficulty.



Proposals to build the consolidated school found Kehoe bitterly opposed—he fought every expenditure of tax money for any purpose. Despite his opposition, the school was completed in 1923. As school board treasurer, Kehoe continued opposition to all spending, even paying salaries grudgingly. He had become sullen, morose, melancholy. Foreclosure of the mortgage on his farm was inevitable. He was defeated for reelection as clerk. Corn and beans in his field went unharvested. By March of 1927, Kehoe was puttering around his farm with electric wires. He did no planting. Visitors were unwelcome.

With access to the school through his position, Kehoe spent night after night placing his bombs. On the day he had set to satisfy his death lust, Kehoe arose early and slashed every tree on his farm. He poured acid on all the shrubbery. He battered in the head of his invalid wife, tied her

body to a wheel and placed gasoline and dynamite in his buildings. He left for Bath about 7:30 A.M. and went through the school. At about this same time, Albert Deloff, a member of the school board, turned off a lighting switch while overseeing repairs; it was this which prevented explosion of all the bombs.

Satisfied with his school inspection, Kehoe returned home and touched off explosions which set his buildings afire. Then he drove off to Bath apparently hoping to witness the explosion there. But he arrived a few minutes late and immediately set off a blast in his car which left nothing but the motor and two front wheels.

Today, fourteen years later, the Bath school has been rebuilt; many survivors have moved away. Only the numerous small graves in the village cemeteries remain to remind of that day of horror.

They all bear the same notation—"Died May 18, 1927."

Explanatorium

C.V.R. THOMPSON: "When they say that an American comes of good stock, the stock they are referring to is A.T. & T."

MARK TWAIN: "Our Heavenly Father invented man because he was disappointed in monkeys."

"What is there I can do or make that other people will pay for?" This is a query familiar to all of us, old and young alike. Not so familiar however, although most thought-provoking, are the answers given here—from the colorful pages of actual experiences.

There's Money in It

THE SENTIMENT that prompts people to press flowers in books set James Gurney up in a business that is blooming and flourishing. In his Baltimore shop he delicately frames and glasses wedding bouquets and other treasured floral bits. Sometimes they are laid against padded satin and made into the lids of makeup boxes for milady's boudoir. An artificial replica of a memorable bouquet may appear in a crystal lamp base, or under the hollow glass frame of a mirror.



EIGHT YEARS ago an English girl came to New York with a huge assortment of old buttons she had collected as a hobby that dated back to her childhood. She wore many of the original and attractive buttons and found she could sell them right off her frocks—often to total strangers. Today Lillian Partridge says her store on East 56th Street is the only one

in the country devoted exclusively to old buttons. Many of Mrs. Partridge's customers have them made into earrings, cuff-links and pins, so beautiful are some of the designs.



AGNES VENTNER exercises her creative talent by answering for New York women the universal feminine wish which rises every time a woman opens a magazine: "What a darling dress—I wish I could find one like it!" Using her fashion design training, Miss Ventner provides a highly individual service for the *couture* conscious. She cuts to the measure of the client a pattern from any picture or sketch brought to her. She has made several safaris into the Metropolitan Museum to snatch ideas from gowns worn by beauties of centuries past, and pored over countless photographs of celebrities to provide patterns of similar chic costumes for her customers.

The self-styled "last survivor of a dead epoch" writes an advance finis to one of the stormiest of careers: a new auto-obituary



Bertrand Russell's Own Obit

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

BY THE death of the third Earl Russell (or Bertrand Russell, as he preferred to call himself) at the age of ninety, a link with a very distant past is severed. His grandfather Lord John Russell, the Victorian Prime Minister, visited Napoleon in Elba; his maternal grandmother was a friend of the Young Pretender's widow.

In his youth he did work of importance in mathematical logic, but his eccentric attitude during the first world war revealed a lack of balanced judgment which increasingly affected his later writings. Perhaps this is

attributable, at least in part, to the fact that he did not enjoy the advantages of a public school education; he was taught at home by tutors until the age of 18, when he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, becoming seventh Wrangler in 1893 and a Fellow in 1895.

During the fifteen years that followed, he produced the books upon which his reputation in the learned world was

based: *The Foundations of Geometry*, *The Philosophy of Leibniz*, *The Principles of Mathematics*, and (in collaboration with Dr. A. N. Whitehead), *Principia Mathematica*.

The unconventional Bertrand Russell, one of the world's truly great and original minds, herewith presents to Coronet readers an unconventional self-estimate—his own obituary. The famous philosopher came to popular attention only when a court battle ensued over his appointment to a professorship at C.C. N.Y. At that time, a Tammany judge ruled Russell's "salacious attitude toward sex" disqualified him for the post. Nevertheless, the lithe 65-year-old has taught at U.C.L.A. and Harvard, now is lecturing on the history of culture at Barnes Foundation, an exclusive art school near Philadelphia. His salary is \$8,000, his schedule light enough to allow him time to write. His wit and great frankness keep the handpicked body of students on their seats' edges.

This last work, which was of great importance in its day, doubtless owed much of its superiority to Dr. (afterwards Professor) Whitehead, a man who, as his subsequent writings showed, was possessed of that insight and spiritual depth so notably absent in Russell; for Russell's argumentation, ingenious and clever as it is, ignores always those higher considerations that transcend mere logic.

THIS LACK of spiritual depth became painfully evident during the first world war, when Russell, although (to do him justice) he never minimized the wrong done to Belgium, perversely maintained that, war being an evil, the aim of statesmanship should have been to bring the war to an end as soon as possible, which would have been achieved by British neutrality and a German victory.

It must be supposed that mathematical studies had caused him to take a merely quantitative view which ignored the questions of principle involved. Throughout the war, he continued to urge that it should be ended, on no matter what terms. Trinity College, very properly, deprived him of his lectureship, and for some months of 1918 he was in prison.

In the year 1930 he paid a brief visit to Russia, whose government did not impress him favorably, and a longer visit to China, where he enjoyed that rationalism of the traditional civilization, with its still surviving flavor of the eighteenth century.

In subsequent years his energies were dissipated in writings advocating socialism, educational reforms and a less rigid code of morals as regards marriage. At times, however, he returned to less topical subjects. His historical writings, by their style and their wit, conceal from careless readers the superficiality of his thought and are not without value as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the antiquated rationalism which he professed to the end.

IN THE second world war he took no public part, having escaped to a neutral country just before its outbreak. In private conversation he was wont to say that homicidal lunatics were well employed in killing each other, but that sensible men would keep out of their way while they were doing it.

Fortunately his outlook, which, reminiscent of Bentham and John Stuart Mill (who was his godfather), has become rare in this

age, which recognizes that heroism has a value independent of its utility. True, much of what was once the civilized world lies in ruins; but no right-thinking person can admit that those who died for the right in the great struggle have died in vain.

His life, for all its waywardness, had a certain anachronistic consistency, reminiscent of that of the aristocratic rebels of the early nineteenth century. His principles were curious, but, such as they were, they served to govern his actions.

In private life he showed none

of the acerbity which marred his writings, but was a genial conversationalist and not devoid of human sympathy. He had many friends, but had survived almost all of them.

Nevertheless, to those few friends who remained he appeared, even in extreme old age, full of enjoyment of life, no doubt owing, in large measure, to the happiness of his private circumstances, for politically, during his last years, he was as isolated as Milton after the Restoration.

He was the last survivor of an epoch dead and gone.

Imagination

WHEN A WELL known Chicago attorney started work with a legal firm years ago, his first "cub" job was the routine collection of overdue accounts. Among them was one deemed absolutely dead, and included in the youngster's list as a joke. Two days later, a check in full payment of this "dead" account arrived by mail. The head of the firm, astonished and curious, called in his new man.

"Walter, I see you've collected Smith's account. What on earth did you say to him?"

"I didn't know what to say," the other admitted, "so I just mailed him the bill with a letter."

"We've been doing that for years. Let's see a carbon of that letter."

It was laid on his desk. A broad grin spread over the executive's face as he read:

"Dear Mr. Smith:

Unless we receive your check by return mail for the full amount of the enclosed bill, what we will do will amaze you."

—LYMAN ANSON



Coronet Picture Story:

The Battle of the Atlantic

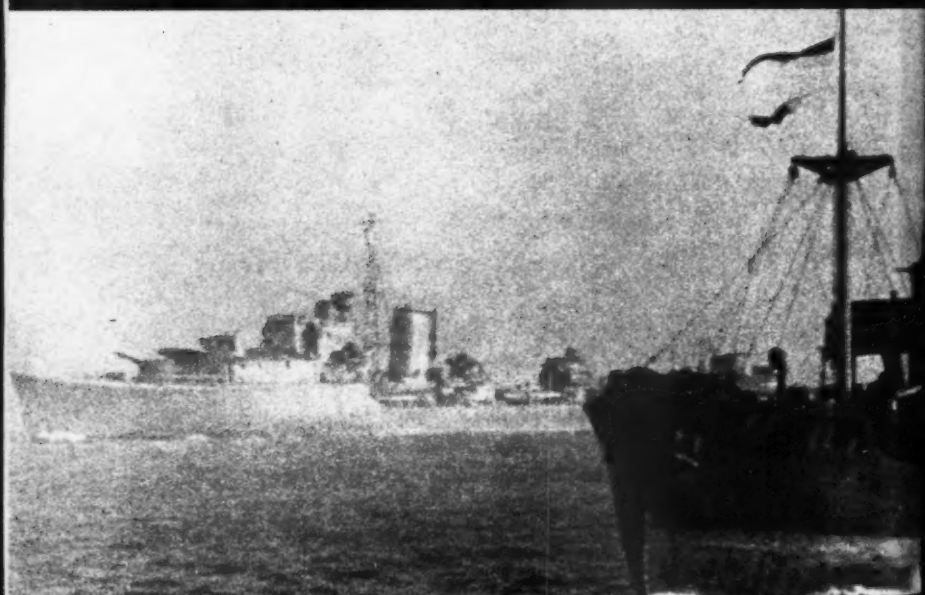
A photographic story based chiefly on the 20th Century-Fox documentary film and commentary by Quentin Reynolds

TODAY England is grimly fighting for her life . . . not over London, for sporadic bombings have never won a war . . . but on the Atlantic Ocean. England must have war supplies from her Dominions and America . . . war supplies by way of the Atlantic. And this spring, her supply of unused ships dwindling, Britain faced

the necessity of abating enemy sinkings through further perfection of the convoy system. In the pages that follow, Coronet tells in vivid pictures how England is meeting this emergency . . . how she is fighting her life-struggle on the new no-man's land of this war. We begin our story at a seaport . . . somewhere in Canada . . .



These are the cargoes which may spell victory or defeat for the British. Once they have been loaded, the ships must wait in the harbor until enough are assembled for a convoy.



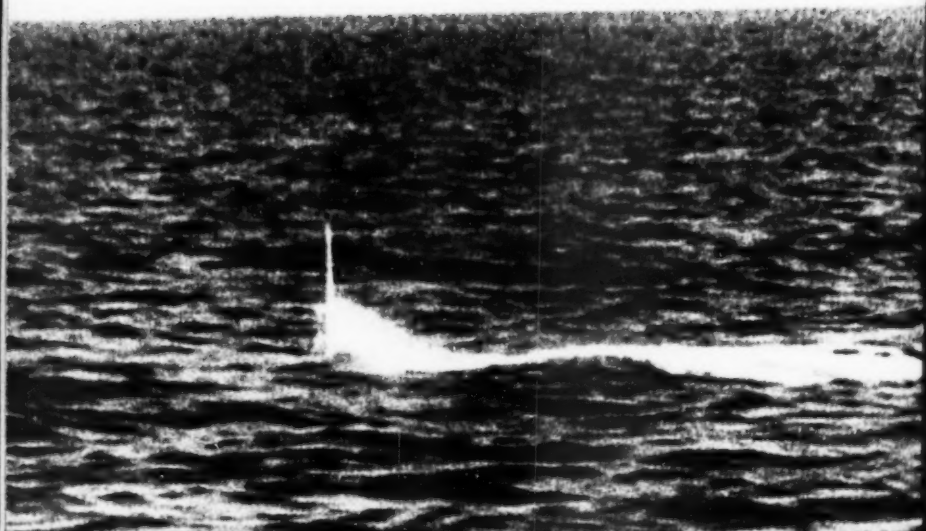
The Canadian air force is company for a while . . . until the Royal Canadian Navy joins the convoy at a pre-determined point off the coast. Over 3,000 miles of danger lie ahead . . .



The course is set. Ships stay close together for protection . . . as many as 60 ships in a convoy, guarded by eight escort vessels. The speed of the slowest governs their movement.



The eyes of the convoy must now be constantly alert. Planes dash ahead to look for submarines lurking under the dark green water. With every mile, the chances of attack increase.



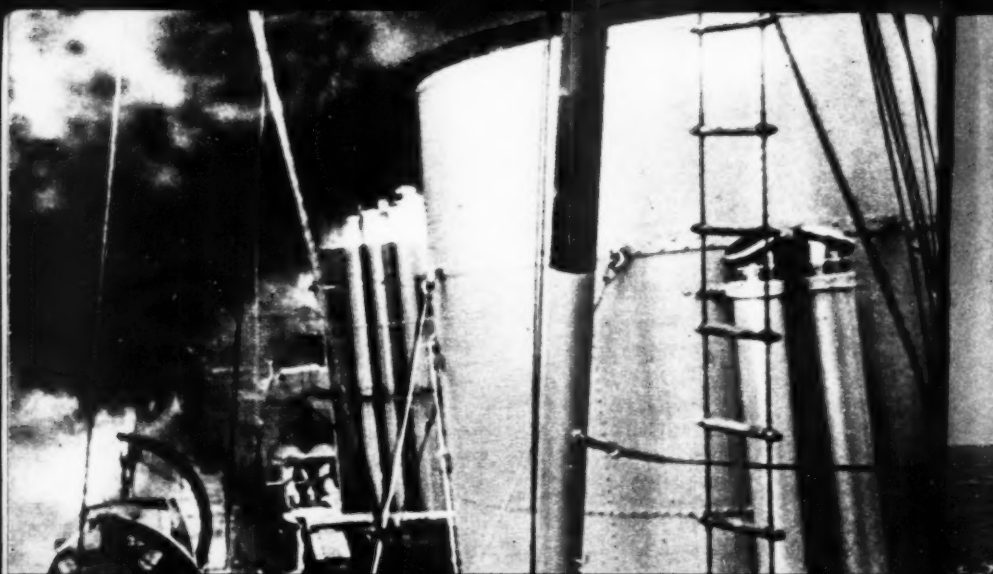
There she blows! A dread periscope is sighted!



*Orders are barked and precisely obeyed by upits that make
convoys a science . . . an important branch of naval tactics.*



*"Prepare for action!" The Nazis are said to use a chemical-
driven torpedo which leaves practically no wake. One well-
directed hit might easily sink a convoy ship and its cargo.*



Another order: "Full speed ahead to the attack!" These grim destroyers are charging through the water at a speed of thirty-seven knots . . . that's more than forty miles per hour!



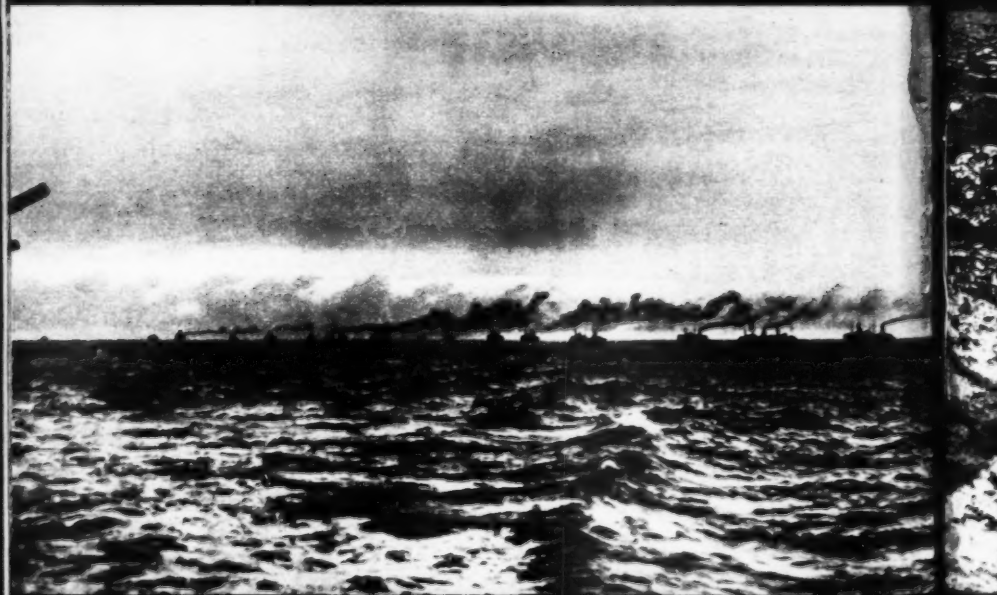
There go depth charges, by far the most effective weapons against U-boats. Three hundred and fifty pound loads of TNT are being hurled from the stern of this speeding destroyer!



So violent are these explosions that any submerged U-boat in the vicinity must surely be sunk. But the Nazis claim to have 600 submarines waiting thus to prey on convoy shipping.



"All's clear again," signal the escort ships. And the convoy, plowing ahead, keeps its course eastward toward Britain.



Somewhere past the middle of the Atlantic units of the British fleet take over the remaining task of escort. The Canadian ships, relieved, can now return to pick up the next convoy.



Now the danger is air attack . . . and as the convoy approaches the British coast, barrage balloons are hoisted. Their thick steel cables are protection against Nazi dive bombers . . . but



*they make big targets for the Nazis, too. Every man in the
convoy must be familiar with all types of German aircraft.
Stukas and the new Focke-Wulf Kuriers are most deadly.*



Here come the air raiders now!



And here come the bombs. Through the water, shock waves of exploding bombs can be plainly felt, even though they miss their target.



That one hurt! Brave men are dying here.



*Again and again the Nazi Stukas dive, relentlessly pouring down
a rain of destruction on the convoy . . .*



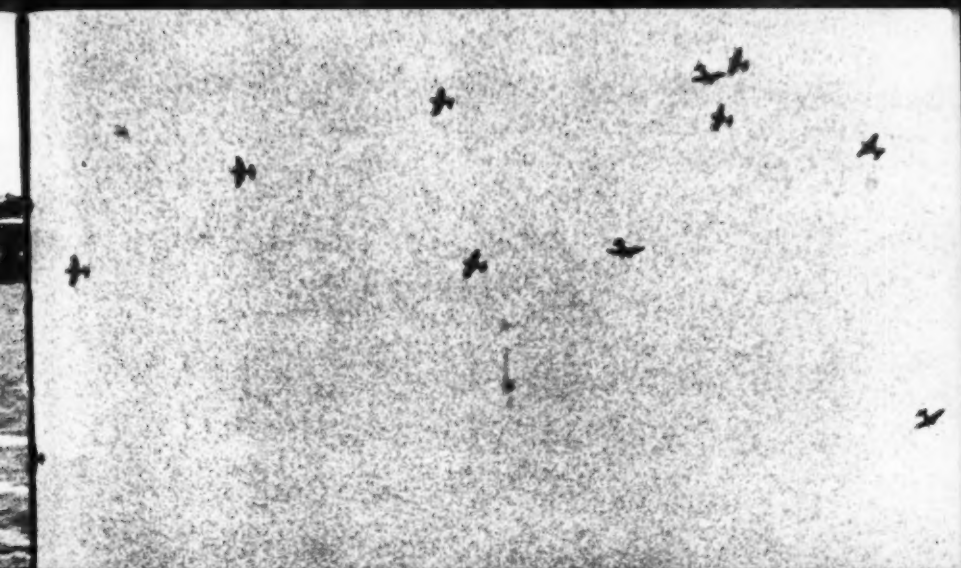
while the guns of the convoy reply . . . guns against bombs.
It's not an even fight, though, for ship anti-aircraft fire
has thus far not proven very effective against air attack.



Meanwhile . . . a radio message . . . and British fighters take off from a near coastal base to give battle to the bombers.



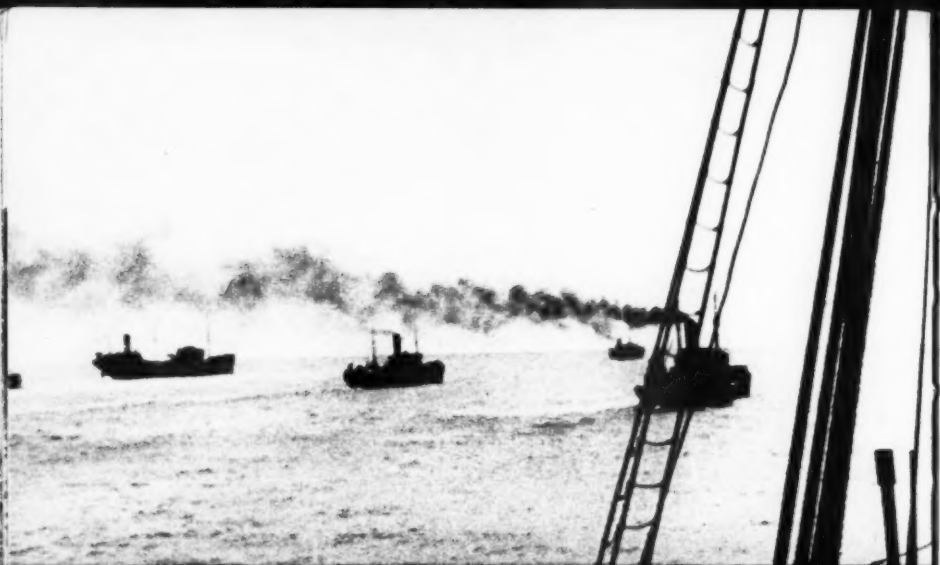
They come fast . . . the unwieldy bombers will have little chance against their lightning-like thrusts.



*The bombers have an escort, too . . . of fast Nazi pursuit ships.
And so a deadly, furious dog-fight begins!*



*There goes one Nazi plane down in smoke. The pilot will
be picked up by one of the English destroyers. Others go
down, too, until finally the Nazi attackers are driven off.*



Finally on the last short lap . . . and now each convoy ship must fly its set of flags as identification for admittance to the harbor. Otherwise a raider might "crash the gate."



And thus, as the ships of the convoy approach the docks with their precious cargoes, another episode is ended in the most critical phase of the war . . . the Battle of the Atlantic!



Look to American educators, says this famous daughter of Thomas Mann; in their hands lies the future of our nation—of all democracy



I Saw America Learning

by ERIKA MANN

WHAT about the average American youngster of today?

The crisis that threatens to destroy our civilization will be solved in the military, political and economic sphere—for the moment. But once it *is* solved—solved in *our* democratic sense—nothing in the whole wide world will be of such crucial importance as the education we shall have given our young people in the time of the crisis.

And since it was the average European youngster of yesterday who caused and suffered the debacle of today—wherein do American youth and American education differ from European youth and European education?

The average American youngster does not dislike going to school. That is to say, he is not afraid of school. The very fact that (as far as is known to me) teachers call

children by their first names in American public schools induces a friendly, human atmosphere.

Here the teacher is simply a grown-up who is supposed to teach one something. He is not a superior, a strange and all-powerful official person.

Home-work plays a much smaller role here than in the European schools. In Germany we were, for the most part, so overburdened with home-work that we had hardly any time for extra-curricular activities. As a result, we fibbed, cribbed from school-mates and appeared in class unprepared. I can recall hardly a single day of my childhood when I was not in fear—real, terrifying fear—that something might “come up.” There was always something that might “come up.”

The American child does less

fibbing—he is more straight-forward than the European child, because he has less reason for fear. That in itself is a great advantage.

The American child, moreover, has a greater sense of freedom and independence; at the same time, he learns at an earlier age that the individual has a certain responsibility to society. It is also true that in many American schools the principles of democracy are recognized by some sort of self-government.

In Chicago, one little public school student told me he had just been made vice-president. Until recently, he added, he had only been "fire chief." I congratulated him on his extraordinary career and inquired about the duties and honors of the office of vice-president. "Committee meetings," the boy said, heaving a little sigh, "discussions, community service and lots of trouble." Vice-President Wallace could not have answered much differently.

IN THE East I had a long talk with a little girl who attended a particularly progressive school. Her name was Brenda.

"We are very democratic," she assured me. "We have two houses—the students' house and the faculty house. Then, of course, we

have many committees. The foreign affairs committee, the fine arts committee, the theatrical committee, the athletic committee, the committee of intellectual life, the beauty and customs' committee, the . . ."

"Splendid," I broke in. "That's a lot of committees and you must be having a pretty good time. Do you like school?"

"Why, *I love it!*" she cried, looking at me as though I had asked an extremely foolish question. "We call most of our teachers by their nicknames too. Take Mr. Anderson—we'd never call him anything but Andy."

As she talked she scribbled little curlicues on a piece of paper before her. I was anxious to have her pay close attention, and so I asked her to stop scribbling. She retorted in a friendly but quite determined voice: "Nuts!"

Now, I knew that she did not say "nuts" just because she was "spoiled." Most American children say "nuts" whenever they feel like it. So I was not particularly startled, but instead continued my inquiries.

"What about your good behavior or good manners committee?" I asked. "How does that function?"

Brenda looked up from her scrib-

bling and said disparagingly: "There is none."

Then, after pondering for a brief while, she added with quickening interest:

"That could be kind of incorporated under the beauty and customs' committee, couldn't it?"

I guessed that it could be done.

I then passed on to something that interested me even more — something to which I had given much thought and which seems of extraordinary importance today.

I said "What I'd really like to know is this: Do you ever have any kind of lessons in *decency*? I mean, have you learned that people in a democracy must be *extremely* decent—much more so, indeed, than in any other kind of country? Democracy, you know, is really the political platform of Christianity, and naturally the application of Christian ethics to our everyday life is most necessary.

"Tell me, Brenda," I continued, looking earnestly into her impishly pretty and healthy child's face, "do you think it most important that one should know in any given situation what would be the right, the decent thing to do?"

Brenda had stopped scribbling. She had put her elbows on the table. Finally she said: "We're always very decent, I think, when we're playing. We call it 'fair play,' but it's about the same, I suppose."

I nodded emphatically. "Exactly!" I exclaimed. "Exactly the same! But don't you think it would be nice if 'fair play' were taught in school?"

Brenda pondered. "I might write about it," she said at last. "We have three school papers, you know, and I might write a small piece on decency, occasionally."

She departed. She is charming and typical, I thought — a free, independent little citizen. She is open-minded and eager to learn. She is afraid of virtually nothing—and why should she be? She is healthy and physically fit. True, not all children are in so good a physical condition. Many are poor. But then, the schools in this country are doing their best to safeguard the physical welfare of their students.

And everywhere here youth is proudly aware of its status—an estate of its own, as it were. It is a



good thing that the attitude of youth toward the "grown-ups" is frank, open, natural; that youth does not have to click its heels at the approach of a teacher, a "superior"; and it is good that Brenda speaks to me as though I were her own age.

German youth always acknowledged authority. American youth does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, American youth, for the most part, definitely lacks faith in authority. And in this refusal, American youth occasionally overlooks that age and authority may bring a certain experience and insight which youth necessarily lacks.

There ought to be some kind of middle ground between the heel-clicking to which we were inured and the "nuts" of youthful Americans. In all likelihood such a middle ground could be most easily and painlessly found if more attention were paid to forms of "good manners"—good manners that come from the heart.

But more important than anything else—more important than knowledge, manners, education itself—is *character training*. And since American youth is freer, happier, less troubled in mind than its European counterpart, its character too, in general, is more pleasing.

It is more sincere, more straightforward in mind, more independent, more self-assured. To the educator it presents "material" of outstanding value.

BUT THIS educator himself, is he always in a position where he can make the best of his opportunities? Many American teachers are inadequately paid. There are hundreds of teachers in this country whose salary is as low as \$400 a year. Can such an educator, living on \$10 a week, be expected to possess even the physical strength, let alone the ardent belief in democracy necessary for his job?

It is certainly true that the "educators" of Nazi youth are making the best of their jobs. The sinister doctrines of the Führer are beaten and hammered into the minds of the children from their third year on.

On the other hand, what *we* have to teach is human—every child can grasp it. Perhaps that is the very reason why we are inclined to neglect giving our students the definition and redefinition of simple notions like "good" and "evil," "true" and "false," "just" and "unjust."

That is a fallacy. We can take *nothing* for granted. The time is out of joint—the crisis and dis-

asters of the century have confused and distorted all concepts, and we could be well advised to clarify them and place them before our youth anew with all the emphasis at our command.

Herein, and herein alone, lies our chance. Herein, and herein alone can we learn from the enemy.

Let us teach the good as insistently as he teaches the evil! Nor am I proposing "political propaganda in the schools," but a kind of *moral* instruction—clearer, more readily grasped, closer to life than the religious instruction of yesterday. This should be the most important school subject for all classes and grades.

Certainly a youth who absorbs such a subject with a high mark would become the best guarantee of a bright, humane future.

*Erika, eldest child of Thomas Mann, once wrote and produced a review lampooning the Nazis. It was playing at the time of the Reichstag fire and the Nazi coup, and she had to flee. Since coming to the U.S. in 1936 she has journeyed up and down the land lecturing. "I have," she says, "visited many schools, debated with hundreds of students and teachers, and I know the humane tendencies of American educators." Last year she was in besieged London helping evacuate refugees. Among her American-published books are *Escape to Life*, *The Other Germany* and *The Lights Go Down*.*

—Suggestions for further reading:

SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS:

EDUCATION UNDER THE NAZIES

by Erika Mann

\$0.50

Modern Age Books, Inc., New York

EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY

by Myers and Williams

\$3.00

Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

To the Moon—and Back

IT is entirely possible for man to fly to the moon. The means have been invented, blueprints have been drawn up, and men like Millikan, Lindbergh, Goddard and Haldane have approved the scientific soundness of the idea. The vehicle would be a rocket whose main bulk consists of fuel chambers that automatically disengage themselves from the ship after they have discharged their loads. It would be a gi-

gantic bullet built in a series of cylindrical steps, the larger, lower ones containing nothing but fuel and the smallest, top-most one carrying four men and a quantity of instruments and supplies. The rocket would be powerful enough to reach the moon and return to earth. There is only one reason why it has not been constructed: its cost is estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000.

—ADAM MARGOSHES

*Perhaps some later Homer will sing praises
of these men and women who keep face for
America in the eyes of the war-torn Chinese*



China's Christian Soldiers

by MAXINE DAVIS

WHEN THE story of today's violence retreats into history, one of the grandest chapters our children will read will be the record of the missionaries in China.

For Christian missionaries have proved to the often dubious Chinese that they are no mere fair weather friends. Though our government urged them to leave, though death and destruction rained from the skies, they did not run away. They stayed to serve, and the great majority of them are still there today, sharing the dangers and hardships of the hungry, the frightened and the homeless.

In these pages we shall, of course, have only a meagre digest of their work. But we shall glimpse men and women, stuffy often, obstinate and not infrequently romantic, who have assumed the terrible

duties of war without question, as the obvious obligation of their calling. And in so doing they have upheld the prestige of the American people and of Western civilization itself in the eyes of the Chinese.

The first problem the war laid on the mission doorstep was the refugee problem. It was the Japanese who first devised the technique of driving a refugee fringe before their armed forces. When the war began, missionaries were horrified to see refugee hordes approaching, growing denser and denser as the Japanese army advanced. They saw women bearing babies by the roadside, and people dying of typhus. And they offered them protection within the mission walls.

They learned also that after a Chinese city falls, the refugee prob-

lem becomes even more acute, for there are four or five days of complete bedlam. All the civil officials flee. The Japanese soldiers have several days leave to loot and murder, and no woman is safe. So those who have not already escaped flee to the missions. They pour in, driving their pigs, their water buffaloes and chickens—all they have—before them. It is fantastic that the little compound wall, often only eight feet high, can offer protection against an army, drunk with victory.

These refugee camps usually last about six weeks. After that the Japanese Army settles down, brings its own girls, recruits the local prostitutes, establishes order and the camp dissolves. But during those six weeks the missionaries must protect and feed their flock, which not infrequently consists of 1,000 to 3,000 refugees per missionary. They must maintain discipline and take measures for public health.

SECURING food under such circumstances isn't easy. The missionaries scour the town, try to make arrangements with the Japanese and endure a good deal of humiliation for their efforts. The Japanese slap them, threaten them, and steal from them.

Protecting the women from soldiers aggressive or drunk has demanded unbelievable ingenuity and courage. One American nurse, a little white rabbit of a woman, was caught alone in a station fifty miles from hell. She had under her wing 3,000 Chinese and fifty hospital beds full of wounded. The footpaths were mined; the telegraph wires cut; the railroads wrecked; even the radio was out of commission. She had her refugees crowded into the schoolhouses and the American flag flying when a Japanese captain accompanied by two lieutenants and thirty men with fixed bayonets pounded with the butts of their rifles at her door. She opened it and stood before them.

"There is no provision in international law for a refugee camp," announced the captain. "An American with 3,000 Chinese has no right to fly the American flag."

"I'm sorry," she said, her knees knocking together but her voice unshaking, "You'll have to change the international law then. And as for my flag, you'll have to take it down yourselves."

The captain had never heard a woman talk like that. Sheepishly, he and his lieutenants instructed their escort to go away while the nurse showed them through the

camp. Whenever she saw one of them hesitate at the sight of a pretty girl she took him by the arm and said, "Keep together, so you don't miss anything." She finally got them out the back door.

THERE IS NO romance in refugee camps. To envision the crowding, imagine an ordinary small six-room house with 150 people living in it. That is the usual situation. To prevent epidemic is a gargantuan job. One case of diphtheria in such a community is infinitely more menacing than an air raid. So the refugees must be deloused, vaccinated against smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria and in summer, cholera.

The refugees don't like it. Even delousing they resent. In any camp you can see something that looks like a wrestling match between a starched uniformed nurse and a little Chinese lady of seventy, quite naked, protesting that she's gone seventy years without a bath and doesn't see why she should have one now, war or no war. When the pair emerges from the bath shed, both are soaked and the uniform is divided between them.

Besides handling the refugee problem, the missionaries must also care for the wounded. In

China the medical missionaries and nurses have been confronting situations which probably occur only rarely on the battlefields of Europe. Imagine a little hospital in a tiny town tucked away in the hills. After an air raid probably 300 wounded are carried in. It is not uncommon for the staff to use two months' supplies in two days, or for a surgeon to find himself with his last bottle of anaesthetic and 100 operations yet to be performed. So he makes Chinese paper serve for bandages. He does his best to adapt the crude native drugs. He often works by candle light.

Desperate for bandages, one doctor devised a simple little loom, set it up in the orphanage of his mission, and put his refugees to work weaving gauze for bandages. That loom is being used for bandages all over China today.

Another missionary secures medical supplies for a band of guerrilla fighters. He buys the drugs and makes his way to the guerrilla headquarters with them. The guerrillas pay for their drugs with Japanese money taken from the Japanese they have encountered. Then the missionary goes back to a Japanese-occupied town and uses the money for more medical supplies. And so it goes.

Doctors operating under fire and amidst pressure of direst conditions are part of all wars, but the medical missionaries in China have confronted situations unique in history. Their grapple with public health has called for all their energy and tact, as the Chinese do not understand the urgency of protection against epidemic. For instance:

In one air-raided city, 10,000 men, women and children were driven outside. They were being fed by the Red Swastika Society, a Buddhist charitable organization, entirely Chinese. The entire mob would come every third night between six in the evening and five in the morning to receive three days' supply of corn meal in their handkerchiefs. Dr. Robert McClure, a Canadian medical missionary there, was concerned for fear there might be an outbreak of smallpox. He went to the head of the Red Swastika and gave him such a convincing high-pressure lecture on the necessity for vaccination that he obtained a promise of cooperation.



When McClure and his hastily recruited assistants arrived, they brought soap boxes. "Why those?" inquired the Red Swastika official.

McClure explained: he feared unless the refugees understood the reason for the vaccination they might riot.

"I think better no soap box; no talk. Vaccination your job; riot my job," was the stately response. The surgeon and his volunteer aides went to work on the four lines of people extending the length of twenty city blocks. When they had finished, about

2:30 in the morning, they realized why there were no riots. Posted over the door from which the corn was issued was a small sign bearing the ultimatum, *No vaccination; no corn.*

Often missionaries with no medical experience whatever are obliged to turn to tasks that sicken professionals. One such young woman had gone on a holiday to a mountain resort, but she misjudged the Jap advance. When the nearby town fell, her pleasant summer resort became a guerrilla

headquarters. Taking over an abandoned Methodist mission, she transformed it into a hospital, pushing back the pews and placing the patients on the floor. Though a doctor managed to reach the spot, he had no help, so she assisted at operations.

Everywhere it is like that. The missionaries stand their ground and do whatever tasks are indicated without flinching. In one remote section two missionaries, husband and wife, had to cope with bubonic plague, cholera and air raids simultaneously.

Thus we see them, these men of God who did not run when mortal danger threatened. In the midst of bursting bombs, at the bayonet's point, in hunger and cold they go about their duties of saving bodies and souls.

They have proved to China that

planes and tanks are not the most durable symbols of western civilization. They have shown that even when our Government's official position has been vacillating or obscure, the people of this country do not waver in their concern for the victims of aggression.

Maxine Davis has worked around the world for newspapers and the UP, once operated her own feature syndicate from Washington. Several books have ribboned from her typewriter as well as countless articles ranging from taxes to why women don't write music. The tragedy of her life, she confesses, is that in 1931 she broke an appointment with a fellow named Hitler.

—Suggestions for further reading:

CHRISTIANS IN ACTION
Edited by Ronald Rees \$1.00
Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York

CHINA FIGHTS BACK
by Agnes Smedley \$2.50
The Vanguard Press, New York

THIS IS OUR CHINA
by Madame Chiang Kai-shek \$3.00
Harper & Brothers, New York

Pennies for His Thought

THE father of Johann Sebastian Bach was a very poor man, though very resourceful. When it was time for supper, he would often say to his large family of children:

"Those who go to bed without supper, will have a penny!"

The children would all ac-

cept, then awake in the morning hungrier than ever. Whereupon their father would announce brightly:

"Those who wish to have breakfast will pay one penny!"

In this manner the household budget was nicely balanced.

—L. C. TIHANY



How many of these literary "headlines" can you connect with the novels, plays or poems which they might have described?

The Game of Literary Headlines

THE FOLLOWING imaginary newspaper headlines are really capsule synopses of fifty well-known literary and dramatic works—as they might have been written by our modern news reporters.

In some cases, you will find the headlines are merely fragmentary references to some aspect of the plot of the work listed—but, if you know your literature, these clues should be adequate.

Count two points for each answer you have correct. A score of 80 is fair; 86 or more can be considered good; and anything over 92 is excellent.

Answers are listed on page 110.

1. Danish prince avenges father's murder
 - (a) Peter Ibbetsen
 - (b) Hamlet
 - (c) Beowulf
2. Abduction of Grecian beauty causes war
 - (a) Iliad
 - (b) Kidnapped
 - (c) Paradise Lost
3. Traveler captured by tiny men
 - (a) Swiss Family Robinson
 - (b) Little Men
 - (c) Gulliver's Travels
4. Girl falls down rabbit hole, finds self in strange land
 - (a) The Lady Vanishes
 - (b) Peter Pan

- (c) Alice in Wonderland
5. American soldier risks life to blow up bridge for Spanish Loyalists
 - (a) Death in the Afternoon
 - (b) The Bridge of San Luis Rey
 - (c) For Whom the Bell Tolls
 6. Orphan boy forced to work for gang of thieves
 - (a) Two Years before the Mast
 - (b) Oliver Twist
 - (c) Adam Bede
 7. Secretary gives up Philadelphia Main Liner because of social inequality
 - (a) Kitty Foyle
 - (b) The Philadelphia Story
 - (c) No Time for Comedy
 8. Mad housekeeper sets fire to fine mansion in England
 - (a) The Fall of the House of Usher
 - (b) Wuthering Heights
 - (c) Rebecca
 9. Wife leaves husband because he treats her like a child
 - (a) The Doll's House
 - (b) Little Women
 - (c) Elsie Dinsmore
 10. Pupil at fashionable boarding school starts scandal about faculty
 - (a) Dink Stover at Yale
 - (b) Clarissa Harlowe
 - (c) The Children's Hour
 11. London stockbroker runs off to Tahiti and becomes painter
 - (a) The Wind in the Willows
 - (b) The Moon and Sixpence
 - (c) School for Scandal
 12. Beautiful girl causes wave of suicides at Oxford
 - (a) Zuleika Dobson
 - (b) Bury the Dead
 13. Invalid girl elopes with poet
 - (a) Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
 - (a) The Time of Your Life
 - (b) So Red the Rose
 - (c) The Barretts of Wimpole St.
 14. Man who befriended dull-witted pal for years finally forced to shoot him
 - (a) Sorrel and Son
 - (b) Bleak House
 - (c) Of Mice and Men
 15. Man frightened by mysterious footprints on desert island
 - (a) Tono Bungay
 - (b) Robinson Crusoe
 - (c) The Green Mansions
 16. Southern girl spurned by third husband
 - (a) Magnolia Street
 - (b) Gone with the Wind
 - (c) Kiss the Boys Goodbye
 17. Mysterious murderer found to be an ape
 - (a) The Murders in the Rue Morgue
 - (b) The Pit and the Pendulum
 - (c) A Piece of String
 18. Native of Gascony wins renown as swordsman
 - (a) The Scarlet Pimpernel
 - (b) The Three Musketeers
 - (c) Four Feathers
 19. Miser reforms after visit by ghost
 - (a) Adam Bede
 - (b) A Christmas Carol
 - (c) The Way of All Flesh
 20. Monarch who partitions kingdom among his daughters lives to regret it

- (a) King Lear
(b) Troilus and Cressida
(c) Peer Gynt
21. Prisoner makes escape via sack cast into sea
(a) The Ballad of Reading Gaol
(b) The Count of Monte Cristo
(c) Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing
22. Wealthy husband forces wife to sing in grand opera
(a) Die Meistersinger
(b) Marco's Millions
(c) Citizen Kane
23. Hunter discovers ancient little men bowling in Catskills
(a) Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
(b) Rip van Winkle
(c) Seven against Thebes
24. Boy kills sweetheart by capsizing rowboat and leaving her to drown
(a) An American Tragedy
(b) Dodsworth
(c) Valiant Is the Word for Carrie
25. Malevolent man hypnotizes beautiful young girl
(a) My Sister Eileen
(b) Trilby
(c) The Hunchback of Notre Dame
26. Ill-tempered wife becomes gentle woman under husband's clever handling
(a) The Good Fairy
(b) Lysistrata
(c) The Taming of the Shrew
27. Man hacks off ear, sends it to his lady love
(a) Lust for Life
(b) The Divine Comedy
(c) The Portrait of Dorian Gray
28. Boy swallowed by whale lives to tell tale
(a) Pinocchio
(b) The Book of Daniel
(c) Tom Brown's School Days
29. Irishman betrays best friend to Black and Tans to collect reward money
(a) Finnegans Wake
(b) The Plough and the Stars
(c) The Informer
30. Wife awaiting long lost husband weaves all day and undoes work at night
(a) Ethan Frome
(b) Too Many Husbands
(c) The Odyssey
31. Scientist creates living being that becomes a menace
(a) The Time Machine
(b) Frankenstein
(c) Dracula
32. Man's faith in God tested by many afflictions
(a) The Book of Job
(b) The Story of San Michele
(c) If Winter Comes
33. British tar woos Captain's daughter, not without success
(a) Iolanthe
(b) Rose Marie
(c) HMS Pinafore
34. Son slays father and weds mother
(a) Oedipus Rex
(b) My Son, My Son
(c) Timon of Athens
35. Ex-galley slave wins exciting chariot race in close finish

- (a) Ben Hur
- (b) To Have and to Hold
- (c) The Last Days of Pompeii
- 36. Knight Templar slain in joust on which fate of beauty hinges
 - (a) Quentin Durward
 - (b) Ivanhoe
 - (c) Robin Hood
- 37. Small town doctor brings home big city bride
 - (a) Main Street
 - (b) Winesburg, Ohio
 - (c) Winterset
- 38. Student commits "perfect crime"
 - (a) Ordeal of Richard Feverel
 - (b) Crime and Punishment
 - (c) Anna Karenina
- 39. Miser mistakes child's hair for lost gold
 - (a) The Crock of Gold
 - (b) The Mill on the Floss
 - (c) Silas Marner
- 40. Deluded gentleman sets out on nag to perform deeds of chivalry
 - (a) Morte d'Arthur
 - (b) The Magic Mountain
 - (c) Don Quixote
- 41. Boy outwits pirates in search for lost loot
 - (a) The Gold Bug
 - (b) Treasure Island
 - (c) Lord Jim
- 42. Woman forced to wear insignia as token of sin
 - (a) The Scarlet Letter
 - (b) Little Women
 - (c) The Black Penny
- 43. Schoolmaster frightened by apparition on horseback
 - (a) The Time of Your Life
 - (b) The Legend of Sleepy Hollow
 - (c) The Virginian
- 44. Woman spurs husband to murder in order to achieve ambitions
 - (a) Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme
 - (b) Sartor Resartus
 - (c) Macbeth
- 45. Runaway slave shielded from capture by two boys
 - (a) Huckleberry Finn
 - (b) Flight to the West
 - (c) Tanglewood Tales
- 46. Painter's masterpiece destroyed by jealous woman
 - (a) Jude the Obscure
 - (b) The Cream of the Jest
 - (c) The Light that Failed
- 47. Strange potion transforms character of respected individual
 - (a) Of Cabbages and Kings
 - (b) Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
 - (c) A Farewell to Arms
- 48. Man wins wager with aid of International Date Line
 - (a) Westward Ho!
 - (b) All Our Yesterdays
 - (c) Around the World in Eighty Days
- 49. Sins of the father are visited upon his son
 - (a) Ethan Frome
 - (b) Ghosts
 - (c) The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard
- 50. Man, once imprisoned for theft of loaf of bread, achieves honored place in society
 - (a) David Copperfield
 - (b) Dark Victory
 - (c) Les Miserables

We pride ourselves on understanding the behavior of animals. And yet there are certain true animal stories which raise a feeling of doubt as to the completeness of our knowledge of the thoughts of creatures not of our species. A few such stories are presented here.

Not of Our Species

AMONG the countless records of animals supposed to obey *unspoken* commands, one bears remarkably high credentials. It concerns two circus dogs owned by a Russian named Durow and investigated in 1924 by internationally known psychologist Dr. Becherew of Leningrad.

Before the committee, the dogs were "willed" to perform complicated actions. In every case the animals obeyed the unspoken commands.

In an effort to rule out any possibility of fraud, the dogs' trainer was removed from the room and the silent commands were given by Dr. Becherew. Still the dogs obeyed the telepathic instructions. Finally, screens were placed between the experimenters and the dogs, and the procedure which the dogs were to follow was kept secret from everyone, even from Dr. Becherew's assistants. Still the dogs followed such complicated mental instructions as going

into the next room to remove a napkin from the table.

Dr. Becherew finally concluded that the dogs were able to understand telepathic commands, and years later, Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke university, reviewing the case, was forced to concur.



A SCOTCHMAN named MacLeod, present honorary head of the clan bearing his name, vouches for this story:

An old woman, fishing on the Isle of Skye, found the fish running so well that she could scarcely cast fast enough. To save time, therefore, she simply threw them over her shoulder on to the grass. But when she turned to pick up her catch, none were there. Instead, an old sea-eagle sat staring expectantly at her, still hungry.

Eagles are not generally supposed to approach human beings. But this was a Scotch eagle.



SELDOM DOES a mare show affection for her colts after they are weaned. However, a mare on the Silver Spruce ranch near Woodland Park, Colorado, became the constant companion of her fully grown daughter.

At about the time when the younger mare was due to foal, the older horse appeared at the ranch house late at night and whinnied incessantly. Fearing that the horse was sick, Mr. E. J. Merriman, the owner, went outside. The mare grasped his sleeve and attempted to force him to follow her.

At last Merriman saddled another horse and followed the mare to a distant field where the younger mare was on the point of death due to complications arising from the birth of her first colt. Swift work on the part of the rancher saved her life.

Perhaps animals, too, can think fast in the face of death.



CONCERNING the reasoning power of animals, George F. Morse, former director of the Boston Zoological Park, cites this case:

A fox which he owned had been

given a number of eggs for his dinner. Several hens, attracted by the broken eggs, approached his cage. The fox vainly endeavored to catch one.

Finally, the fox carefully broke an egg and laid it just inside the wire screen which surrounded his cage. Then he nonchalantly turned away and, after elaborate stretching, prepared for sleep. A moment later a hen poked its head through the wire mesh and pecked at the broken egg.

There was a flash of red, a snap of jaws; the fox had chicken with eggs.

Just a simple little scheme devised to meet a specific situation. . . .



ON DECEMBER 6, 1791, a Viennese typhoid victim was buried in the Potter's field. Only one creature followed the coffin—a mongrel dog.

How he knew his master was in the coffin no one knows, for he had not seen the body placed in the tightly sealed box. Nevertheless, he stood quietly by while it was lowered.

Some day sculptors might create a small monument to that dog. He was the only creature of any species who had the insight to recognize genius on that day when the body of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was returned to the rain-soaked earth.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Coronet's Gallery of Photographs

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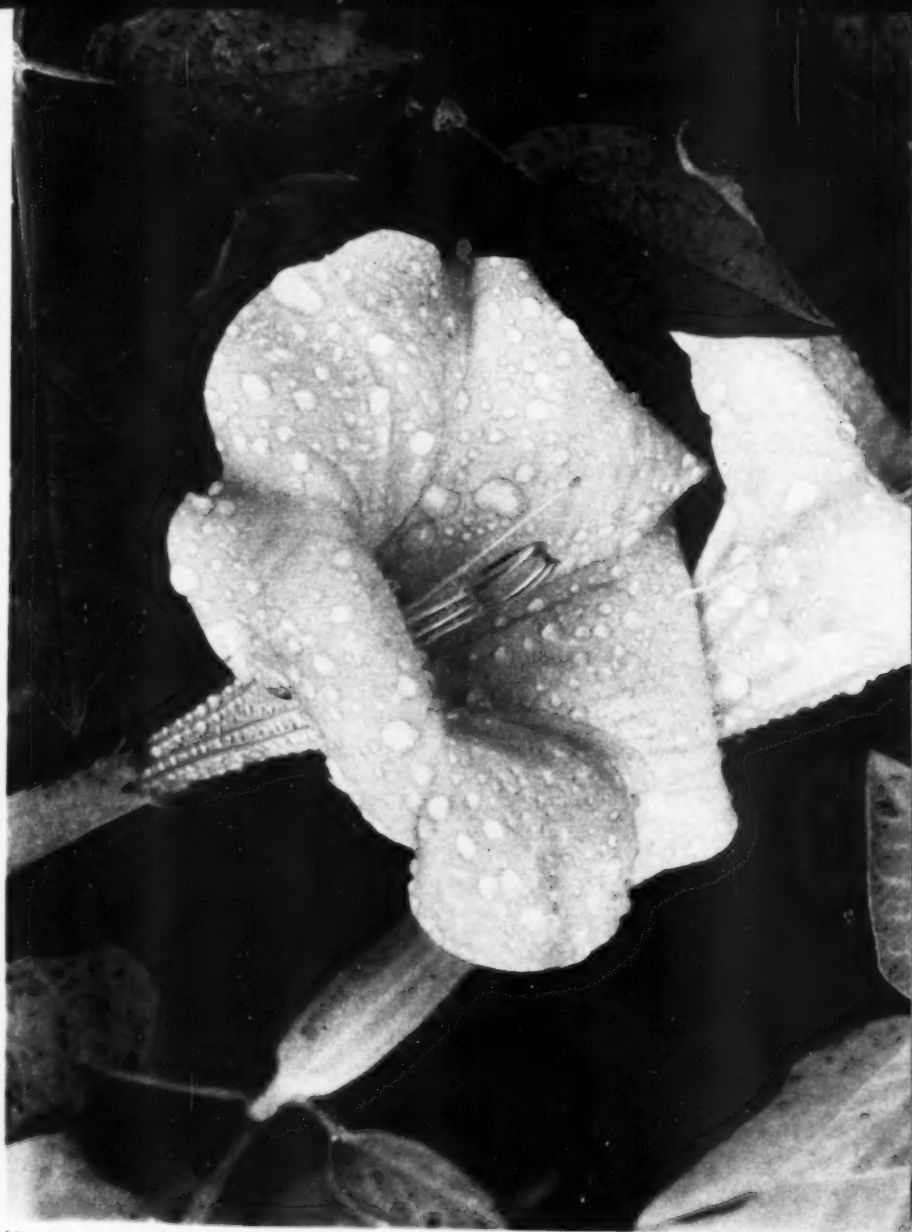




Strait Is the Gate

JAMES SNYDER, NEW YORK

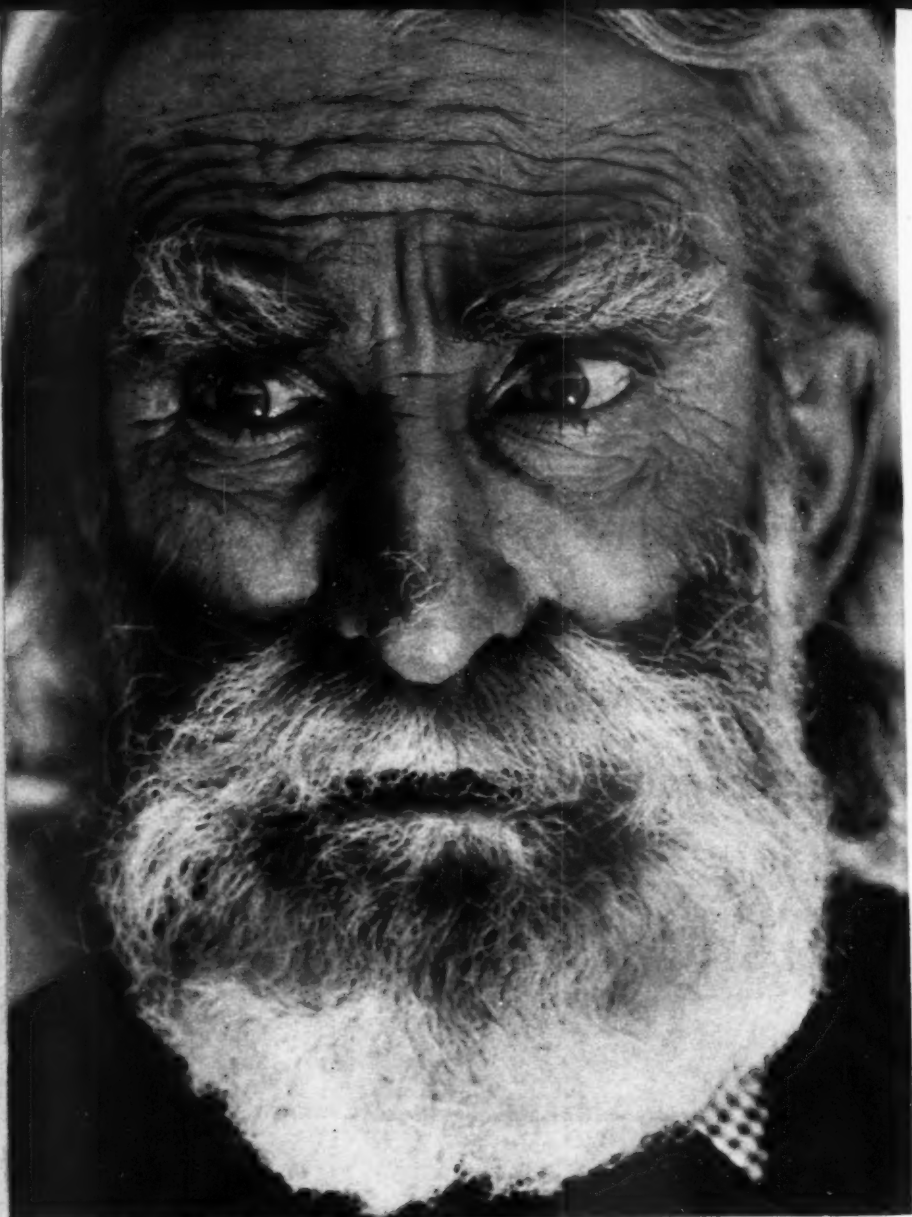
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LYNWOOD CHACE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Dewdrops

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Mine Eyes Have Seen

BUDDY LONGWORTH, HOLLYWOOD

L. W

CORONET



L. WILLINGER, LOS ANGELES

Precious Facsimile

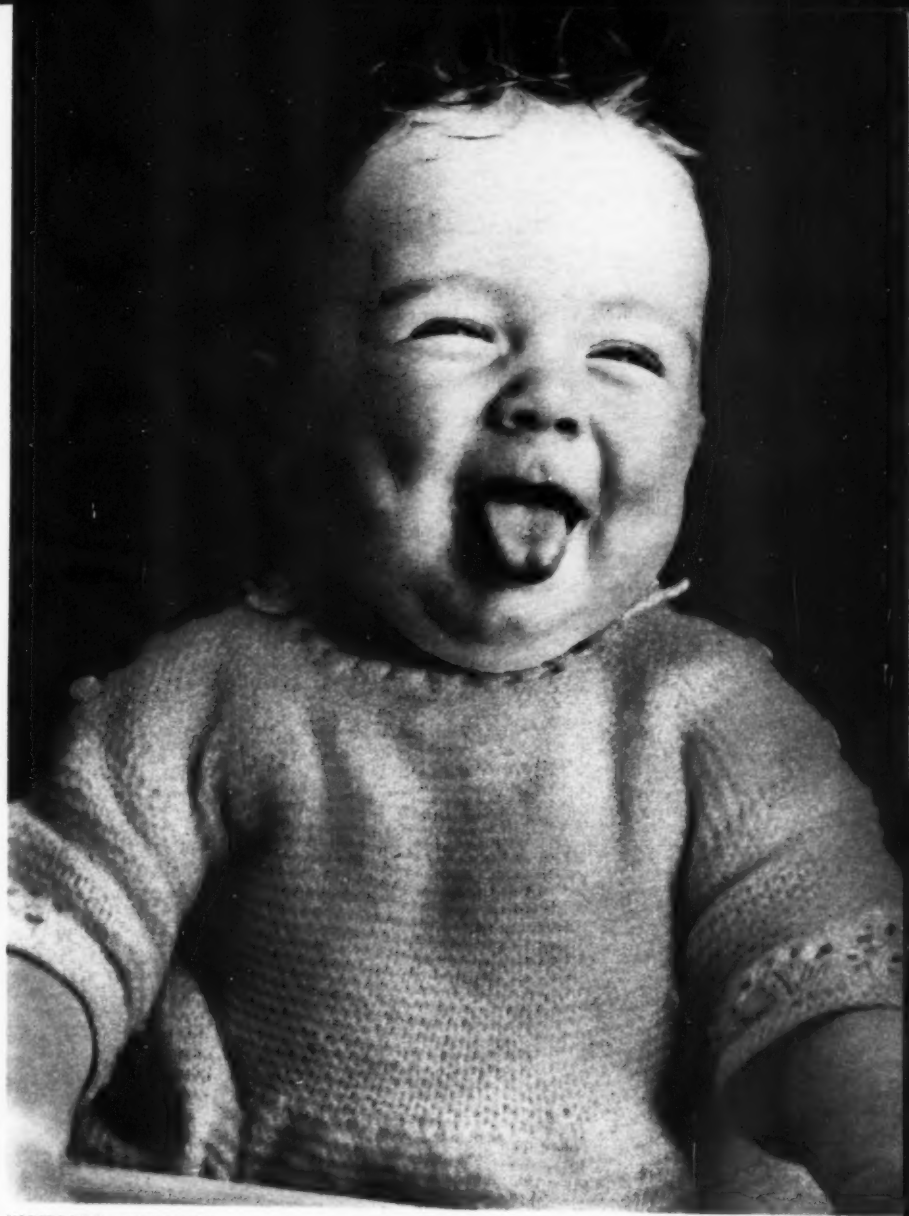
SEPTEMBER, 1941



Wellspite

MIHÁLY EKE, BUDAPEST

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NICHOLLS, FROM PIX

Imp

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Angels on Part Time

HERBERT MATTER, NEW YORK

CORONET



K
BUDDY LONGWORTH, HOLLYWOOD

Sunkissed

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Illusion of Peace

BALKIN, FROM MONKMEYER ROY

CORONET



EVER ROYE, LONDON

Au Naturel

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Flamingo Chorus

DENISE BELLON, FROM BLACK STAIRS

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TA GENIA REINBERG, PARIS

Imitation of Life

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Pipedream

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

CORONET



BRASSAI, PARIS

Alpenquilt

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Sunset

GENE ERBIT, FROM EUROPEAN

CORONET

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KERTÉSZ, FROM EUROPEAN

Projection

SEPTEMBER, 1941



My Master's Voice

CY LA TOUR, PASADENA, CALIF.

CORONET



LIF. W. BUSCHITZKY, FROM PIX

Merrymount

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Anadyomenad

ROYE, LONDON

CORONET

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ON ANTHONY V. RAGUSIN, BILOXI, MISS.

Gulf Chase

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Anschluss Eve

L. WILLINGER, LOS ANGELES

CORONET



LES

ARTHUR ELLIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dream Ship

SEPTEMBER, 1941



Man against the Sky

EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK

CORONET

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The Game of International I.Q. Not for fun do governments at war censor the mail. For spies bar no holds—an ordinary letter may couch a coded message, as in the following actual case history. Would you have stamped this one “Passed By Censor” or held it up?

The Case of the Cryptic Creditor

by RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



THE British censor at a noted island base read the letter before him with professional care, then studied its enclosure, then turned back to the letter again.

Brownsville, Tex.

July 11th, 1941

Dear Frank:

Once again I am a bit late in sending you the semi-monthly accounting. But as it comes out this time with you owing me a cool \$58.74, I dare say you will not complain of a week's delay.

All joking aside, there are now so many sales and other taxes to include, our “books” are nearly as complicated as the ledgers of a large industry. I have tried, as I always do, to be scrupulously fair in estimating my share of any given expenditure. But if anything looks biased or ungenerous to you, Frank, don't hesitate to mention it. Here is the bad news:

Cost	My Share
\$3.54	\$1.33
1.05
5.02	3.30
5.52
4.09
6.58	5.61
2.10
2.15
5.58	2.31
6.56	2.40
5.46	4.57
4.62	3.31
4.46	2.48
4.42
1.41
5.24
6.18	5.32
2.42	1.06
4.08
6.36	5.17
1.14
3.67	2.53
2.03	4.40
1.35	1.08
1.47
3.47
5.13	4.36
2.61	2.34
6.62	4.02
<hr/> \$114.33	<hr/> \$55.59
55.59	
<hr/> \$58.74	

SEPTEMBER, 1941

Here in the States there are many signs of an oncoming general rise in prices, but as yet nothing to interrupt my buying. I will keep you closely informed of the business situation as far as it may affect stamps and coins.

I am still getting some very good specimens at bargain prices, as you can easily see in my accounting.

It will interest you to hear that my kid brother, George, has volunteered for the army and is now stationed at Fort Bliss, El Paso. I hope to have him visit us here when he gets a long enough furlough.

Will close now but write at greater length later this month. The heat is pretty intense.

Eva sends her love and good wishes.

Ever sincerely,

WALTER

P.S. I am sending you a cutting from a New York newspaper which I think will amuse you who were much addicted to such festive affairs in the old days when we toured the Americas together. Do you remember?

Why did the British censor feel that he was justified in withholding this letter from the international mails? And why did he promptly dispatch messages via the radio to various counter-espionage officers ordering that an immediate investigation be made of the activities, background, the social and business affiliations both of "Walter," the sender of the missive, and of his partner, "Frank," the re-

Bulldozed El Magnifico Vanquishes 3 Beasts; But One Throws Toreador to Spoil Comeback

MEXICO CITY, March 9 (AP)—El Magnifico, the fallen idol of the bull ring, was downed by the first bull he tackled today in his comeback campaign from "supreme disgrace," but he recovered and dispatched three bulls before retiring in some doubt as to whether he had won back his public.

The high humiliation of having failed to best a bull last Sunday was upon Lorenzo Garza when he went forth to redeem himself in the arena this afternoon. He started brilliantly and had hardly begun when he won the approving cry of "ole!" But after a series of passes he was caught on the horns of the bull and hurled to the ground, half stunned. He killed the first bull after a few minutes without ever having recovered fully from the impact.

The wind made his cape work difficult and swirling dust added to his troubles, and he left the ring after his third and final bull amid jeers and cheers. Some of the spectators threw flowers, while others angrily hurled cushions, oranges and wadded paper.

Señor Garza's green and silver embroidered suit was torn on the horns of the first bull, but he showed no wounds except a scratch on the left leg. His second bull re-

sponded poorly to the cape work loved by bullfight fans, and the third was even more trying.

The 30,000 fans filed out in heated dispute, as always, over Señor Garza's merits. Bullfight experts were at odds themselves. But while Señor Garza was considered still on probation, he apparently escaped the newly sharpened penalties providing up to fifteen days in jail and a 5,000-peso fine (about \$1,600) for bullfighters who do not defeat the bull.

Señor Garza had been heckled out of the ring with threats of mayhem when nine thrusts of his sword failed to kill a bull a week ago. In the intervening week of brooding penitence on his part, the authorities fined him 1,500 pesos for last Sunday's debacle and, as Latin indignation bounded, decided to increase the maximum penalty.

The jail term may have been added to the increased fine in the light of "protective custody," for the fury of a Latin deprived of the gory climax is something to avoid. It does not stop at mouthy derision, or the Mexican version of the Bronx cheer.

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ipient, as suspected spies? You will find the answer, as it was finally worked out by the English official censor of airmail, on page 156.



Top Specialists

A Portfolio of Personalities

by ROBERT EMMETT

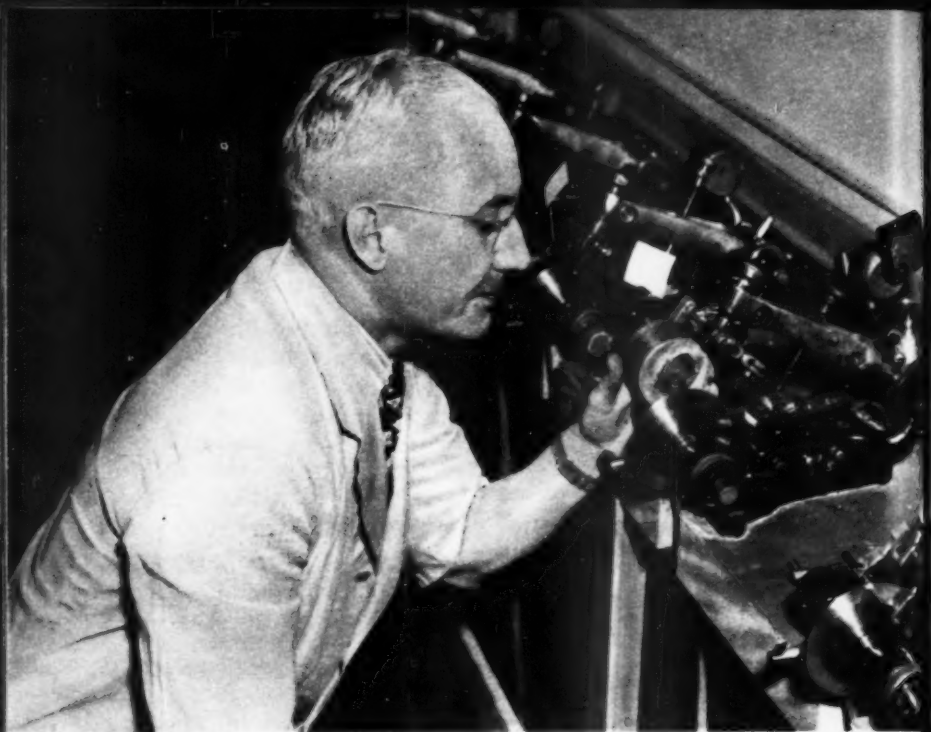
THE OLD saw about the world beating a path to the door of the man who builds a better mousetrap applies perfectly to American craftsmanship.

The craftsman's market may be as prosaic as that of the designer who fashions a new telephone receiver for the homes of the nation; as exclusive as that of the specialist who carves an original Charlie McCarthy from a block of wood; as far reaching as the penstrokes of a Disney, putting the waddle into that gadabout, Donald Duck; or as vital to public safety as the brake pedal on a motor car.

Certainly our daily contact with the product of the craftsman is as close as our big toe is to the accelerator of our car; close as our wrist to the watch that is strapped to it. Indeed, modern life leans heavily upon the skill of the master craftsman.

Where, then, are the eyes, the minds, the fingers, the skill and the imagination of those topflight potters with their clay, the highest paid craftsmen in the land? Where are their workshops, what are their names?

Many of them, of course, are less famous than their handicraft. And their names and crafts are legion. Out of the many, only five are cited here. Brief sketches of their personalities and of the careers they pursue appear on the pages that follow.



Adrian Grasselly

Early this year, Adrian Grasselly, white-haired, middle-aged resident of the Bronx entered a quiet workshop in Radio City and started the most nerve-racking job in the world. It is the precision problem of converting the famous 726.6 carat Vargas—largest known uncut diamond on earth—into 23 separate stones.

Chosen from America's 450 diamond cutters, veteran Grasselly probably will not complete his delicate undertaking until some time in 1942.

Meanwhile the Vargas, for which importer Harry Winston paid up-

wards of \$600,000, will undergo at least eight cleavings and probably a dozen sawings. Fully a half of the huge stone will be reduced to diamond dust. But if the Grasselly genius doesn't fail, 23 prized gems will emerge from the other half—diamonds 5 to 50 carats of one unmarketable stone—valued close to \$2,000,000.

And what will be the pay of this craftsman? If the cutting requires 15 months—and it might—Grasselly, at the current wage and bonus scale of \$120 to \$195 a week, should collect close to \$13,000. After all, diamond cutters are the highest paid group of craftsmen in America.

Douglas Leigh

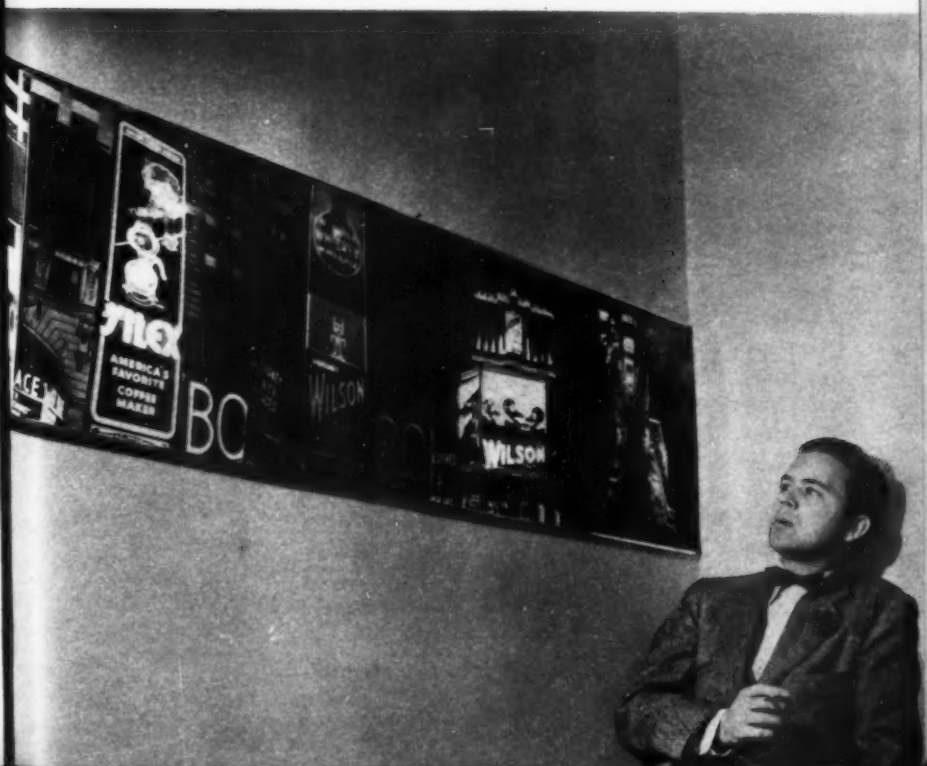
His speech is soft, but his signs are stentorian. Douglas Leigh, small, modest, 31-year-old from Anniston, Alabama has tossed more ideas into bigger and brighter lights than any other sign sultan on Broadway.

Behemoths of brilliant lights are the signs Leigh produces: roses that weigh a ton each, with stems ten stories high; coffee cups 15 feet in diameter. And they're alive with action, too. Animated cartoons that run five minutes without repetition—penguins that blink 50 times a minute. One of his super-spectaculars,

which cost \$100,000 to build, contains 100 miles of wire.

But it wasn't always thus. Leigh had only \$9 in his pocket when he and the depression landed in New York eleven years ago. He got a job with a sign company which lasted barely a year. Whereupon he exchanged his second hand Ford for \$150, printed some letterheads with a rubber stamp, and launched what is now Douglas Leigh, Inc.

In less than a decade he rose from his Horatio Alger beginning to become the 20th century Aladdin with thousands of wonderful lamps . . . the Sign King of Broadway.





Lilly Daché

Seventeen years ago Lilly Daché, petite, Paris-trained paragon of hat designers, opened her first millinery shop in New York, making hats to sell for \$12.50. She has made them since to sell at \$1,500 per customer.

Daché designs are dynamite. The hat Daché dreams about today is the hat American women will wear tomorrow. It was that way with the "off-the-face" hat, the "doll" hat and other Daché creations. And the Daché star is still rising. Meanwhile, she has built up the largest millinery business in the world with 40 branches here.

"Ots," as Lilly calls them, aren't worn "to keep us warm." Not at all. "We wear them," she says, "to amuse ourselves." Indeed, almost any bonnet by Daché—crafted to awe the eye and priced to make the head swim—is scarcely less amazing than amusing. Her museum of bizarre headgear worn by savages often is her inspiration.

Making her first hat at the age of eight, Daché used her mother's blue and white checked tablecloth for material, decorating it with cherries picked from a tree. She had only \$15 in her purse when she brought her budding genius, big eyes and entrancing French accent to America.



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M. Louis

Monsieur Louis of New York, America's highest priced craftsman in curls—creator of the popular “pompadour,” the “upswept,” the “page boy” and other fashionable hair-dos of recent years—is a sculptor at heart, a modern Michelangelo who specializes in glorifying woman's crowning glory.

In Paris, back in the early 1920's, M. Louis, a student in sculpture, disliked the squat coiffures of his models. So he took time out to build topknots on the models' heads before sculpturing them in clay.

Today, M. Louis works in reverse.

He never coiffs a curl until he has first sculptured it in clay. Hence that “sculptured touch” in the hairdress of Miss America.

Studying history through sculpture, he contends that one can tell from the hairdress of an ancient statue whether it was an era of ease or disaster—that the hair sweeping forward and upward is a hapless harbinger of war. As head of the M. Louis Hair Design Institute, he trains hairdressers by the thousands.

And what is the earning power of this master craftsman's hands? So enormous that M. Louis has had them insured for exactly one million dollars.



Dr. Irving Daniel Shorell

Most mortals go through life wearing the faces they were born with. A few rebel—and go to Dr. Shorell.

This youthful sorcerer-with-a-scalpel probably has rejuvenated more famous faces with less telltale embroidery than any other plastic surgeon.

Beauty is more than skin deep to Dr. Shorell. It's buried below the skin in facial muscles which sag with the weight of time. So this master craftsman makes his off-the-face incisions, lifts back the skin, takes a tuck or two in the age-loosened muscles and the full blown rose soon be-

comes a tender rosebud once more.

He did this twice for Edna Wallace Hopper and has lifted the faces of movie notables no end. His most celebrated case is said to be that of taking a stitch in time in the 45-year-old face of the Duchess of Windsor.

One of the Duchess' friends has declared: "The Duchess didn't even have to change her hair-do. Her regular coiffure covers the scars completely. She looks years younger."

Dr. Shorell lifts faces under a local anesthetic, requiring somewhat more than an hour for the operation. His price? Anywhere from a few hundred to many thousands of dollars.

A stuttering debutante, a tuneless composer and a banker with dipsomania—Andrew Salter's discovery cured them all. How can it help you?



Success via Self-Hypnosis

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

NOW TWENTY-SEVEN years old, Andrew Salter has the key to the greatest advance in psychology in decades — “autohypnosis.” In New York there are some 150 men and women for whom his magic word has meant a new life.

Twenty were overly plump women who had tried and failed to keep to diets. Salter took them in hand, and now they can no longer stand the sight of pastry or chocolates. Through autohypnosis the once shunned cabbage salad with mineral oil has been wondrously transformed into a rare delicacy. And no hunger pangs.

A young, promising novelist has been led out of the blue funk he found himself in when he couldn't write a word. After a few visits to Salter's office the novelist com-

pleted the book in three months. Some of the others include a prominent middle-aged composer who felt himself running dry of popular song hits; a well-known trial lawyer afflicted with insomnia; a pretty but stuttering debutante; and a banker who began flirting with dipsomania.

There are dozens of similar cases in young Salter's files, all marked “successfully treated.”

Salter's technique differs from almost any other devised to help us out of our occupational inadequacies or personal cul-de-sacs in that the psychologist is only incidental to it after the initial instructions. Thereafter you do the work yourself, and the more you practice the easier it will come. A good Salter subject can get himself in a trance in thirty seconds.

For Andrew Salter's monumen-

tal discovery—assured of psychological immortality—is this:

If you are normal and intelligent the chances are that you can easily learn to hypnotize yourself. Without the aid of any long, black-haired Svengali snapping long tapering fingers at you, you can, for example, make yourself insensitive to pain or noise. Not only do you hypnotize yourself and administer the necessary suggestions to yourself but you also have complete control of the trance state at all times, coming out of it when you please.

AUTOHYPNOSIS is not Yoga, Coué-ism or a new five-a-day for what's left of the vaudeville circuit. It is real and practical as rain for twenty to forty per cent of the world's present adult population. Salter believes that one or two out of every five adults can be taught one of the three techniques of autohypnosis.

You think only the weak-willed can be hypnotized? Salter has found that the more intelligent and the more determined a person is the easier it is for him to learn autohypnosis. A moron cannot usually be hypnotized.

Andrew Salter is a lean thinker. His 5' 6" are topped off with a retreating thatch of black, wiry

hair. He dresses as inconspicuously as a banker, and you wouldn't look at him a second time if you passed him in the street. But you assume he's a genius after talking to him.

He was born on May 9, 1914 in Waterbury, Connecticut, moved to New York City, and in 1931 entered New York University. There he stumbled upon the little world of psychology.

He was graduated with honors in June, 1937. Friendly professors warned him of the great difficulties facing anyone wishing to teach psychology at a university. Mr. and Mrs. Salter were beginning to wonder if they hadn't been too easy going with Andy insofar as his vocational ambition was concerned. They couldn't see themselves explaining to neighbors: "Why, Andy is a hypnotist."

But Andy Salter had no intention of spending the rest of his life teaching elementary psychology and testing the reactions of innocent mice in vari-colored mazes. His only interest was hypnotism. It was a wide-open field, awaiting someone with a new approach. And he might as well be the "someone." But what was the angle? Checking and rechecking every case history where hypnotism had proved effective, the typ-

ical pattern soon became apparent. A psychologist-hypnotist would treat a stutterer with excellent results; the "cure" would last a few days or even weeks; then the patient would have to return for another "cure." And so on.

Apart from the expense involved the danger of these repeated and seemingly necessary visits was that the patient became totally dependent upon the hypnotist.

And so, early in 1938, the almost obvious idea came to Salter: why couldn't we learn to hypnotize ourselves? Had anyone tried?

Again he plunged into the literature on hypnotism. No, you couldn't do it by Coué-ism. How about Yoga? Salter read everything on the subject—in five languages. Yes, it was an interesting phenomenon but much too interwoven with mysticism and much too difficult to achieve. Autohypnosis must be simple.

And then, late in 1938, Salter brought forth the essentials of the technique of autohypnosis. Friendly physicians threw cases his way. Stutterers, nail-biters and insomniacs. His tiny practice gave Salter time to prepare a report on his work — and case histories from which to draw conclusions.

The trouble with a scientific

report is that you just can't go out and print it. To gain recognition a report must be published in an accredited scientific journal.

But Salter didn't have a Master's degree, let alone a Doctor's. And you had to be at least a Ph.D. just to be able to write brief book reviews for a publication such as the highly respected *Journal of General Psychology*.

The only way out of such a rare difficulty was to find a respected sponsor for the work—an able and known psychologist who would stand as intellectual co-maker on Salter's notes. Such a man he found in the author of one of the books which had started him on his life-work—Professor Clark Leonard Hull of Yale. Hull, who knows more about hypnotism than any man in America, promised to do his best to secure publication for it.

Three Techniques of Autohypnosis occupied fifteen precious pages in the April, 1941 issue of the *Journal of General Psychology*. It's effect was nothing less than astounding.

Everyone wanted reprints of the articles. Two lecture bureaus began to vie for his signature on a generous contract. One radio entrepreneur wanted Salter for a

series of sponsored self-help programs. Even a noted movie producer wanted Salter to make a movie short, illustrating self-hypnosis. Every letter was addressed to Dr. Salter. How could this new expert be a plain mister? But he was—and still is.

Salter would like to teach the art of intense concentration through autohypnosis to the men who are fighting fascism: the political leaders of the democracies. He would like to be able to teach the generals and the colonels how to ward off fatigue—a long sought after goal of military science.

An old ambition of his is to visit Hollywood, select a few unknown extras and, through autohypnosis, make stars of them.

He would like to do so many things.

And while the future of auto-

hypnosis is unpredictable, prominent psychologists are predicting his work will influence life in the future more than any other psychological discovery.

You may be hearing more from *Mister Andrew Salter*.

A political essay helped Murray Teigh Bloom win an M.S. from Columbia, after which he publicized Remington Arms, wrote features for the N.Y. Post, radio scripts, headed an unfunny (financially) enterprise called Gags, Inc. Then came publicity for non-philanthropic organizations; during a money-raising drive he attended 100 dinners which left him with an abhorrence for fruit cups, celery and hard rolls. Gulping his last olive a year ago, he began free lance writing, at which he has had notable success. He is 25 years old.

—Suggestions for further reading:

HYPNOSIS AND SUGGESTIBILITY
by Clark Leonard Hull \$3.75
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

YOGA, A SCIENTIFIC EVALUATION
by Kavoov Thomas Behanan \$2.50
The Macmillan Company, New York

MENTAL HEALERS
by Stefan Zweig \$3.50
The Viking Press, Inc., New York

Answers to Questions on Pages 65-68

- | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. B | 11. B | 21. B | 31. B | 41. B |
| 2. A | 12. A | 22. C | 32. A | 42. A |
| 3. C | 13. C | 23. B | 33. C | 43. B |
| 4. C | 14. C | 24. A | 34. A | 44. C |
| 5. C | 15. B | 25. B | 35. A | 45. A |
| 6. B | 16. B | 26. C | 36. B | 46. C |
| 7. A | 17. A | 27. A | 37. A | 47. B |
| 8. C | 18. B | 28. A | 38. B | 48. C |
| 9. A | 19. B | 29. C | 39. C | 49. B |
| 10. C | 20. A | 30. C | 40. C | 50. C |



*A report from a strictly neutral
observer on who is doing what in
the realm of the very lively arts*

Carleton Smith's Corner

Coronets:

To Paderewski: greatest of the Titans: a man who never compromised his ideals.

To *My Sister Eileen*: the season's dizziest comedy.

To WOR and the Mutual Network for featuring Elisabeth Rethberg in *lieder* broadcasts on the air Friday evenings.

To Walt Draper as Henry Aldrich in the revival of *What A Life*: he looks and acts like a high school freshman without cracking his voice.

To the Welsh folk-singing in the film *How Green Was My Valley*.

To William L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary*: facts which tell the story of a maniac-with-moustache who turned the world upside down, in the years 1934-41.

Ho-Hums:

To José Iturbi for snobbishly refusing to conduct on the same program with Benny Goodman.

To director Herbert Wilcox for his Victorian idea of American humor.

Thorns:

To army officers who give preferential treatment to drafted celebrities.

To Warner Brothers for moronic, assembly-line productions which tire your tail-bone.

To Elsa Maxwell for assuming she can seduce Latin-Americans.

To Hollywood stars who believe their own publicity.

To movie producers who fill pictures with trade talk only insiders can understand.

Fact Is:

The aerial battle scenes in *A Yank in the RAF* were filmed in actual combats over the English channel.

According to Bill Tilden, Mickey Rooney is Hollywood's No. 1 tennis player.

Spencer Tracy plays Hyde in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* without make-up. Newest gymnasium mats are made out of cottage cheese.

The voice of a Hollywood baritone was heard at his own funeral service—on a record.

Individualisms:

Ethel Barrymore is a Brooklyn Dodgers fan.

Edgar Bergen collects hotel stationery.

Carmen Miranda wears "wedgie" shoes that add seven inches to her five feet one.

Charles Boyer is sensitive about his baldness, never removes his hat while working on the set, unless he's wearing his toupee.

W. C. Fields, with glass in hand, is the most thoroughly entertaining on-set gentleman in the business.

Charlie Chaplin collects antique English silver marked "C. C."

Abbott and Costello have been playing the same rummy game for twelve years.

Walter Huston loves to mimic his fellow-actors.

Mack Gordon, song writer, listens to passing street conversations for a stray phrase to use in his songs.

Strictly Incidental:

September is the month Eskimos like least. It's windy and, since there is no snow, they cannot build igloos.

Jean Renoir, son of the painter and director of *Grand Illusion*, now working in Hollywood, thinks Georgia crackers our most aristocratic citizens.

Louis Bromfield has written the scenario of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Harlan Fiske Stone is the nation's first Chief Justice to be a symphony enthusiast.

One of China's battles is that of the Hemingways *vs.* the Luces.

Louis B. Mayer has his own special food carried on the Super-Chief.

Camp followers now travel in streamlined trailers and arrive promptly on pay-day.

Hollywood architects quote two building prices—with or without air-raid shelters. A shelter costs \$2,000 and up.

Italo (*Love of Three Kings*) Montemezzi has finished a new opera—in which Grace Moore will star.

Jimmy Dorsey's favorite food is a Chinese cheese preserved in white wine sauce called Foo Gee, and so strong Mrs. Dorsey keeps it outside the window sill.

Edward G. Robinson and John D. Rockefeller were the two largest USO campaign donors: each gave \$100,000. Sign on California desert road: CHICKENS FOR HIRE.

The noise of grinding and finishing shell cases is so great that many plants employ only deaf persons.

*Treating patients for Ningpo varnish or
Hong Kong tummy is mere routine to those
handy-men of medicine—the ships' doctors*



Seagoing Surgeon

by RUFUS W. HOOKER, M. D.

WE SEAGOING surgeons are the handy-men of medicine, rightly enough. With a practice covering the seven seas and patients ranging from seamen to ambassadors, we are doctor, surgeon, dentist, veterinary, druggist — and embalmer as well.

Passengers seem to believe our work is largely prescribing for seasickness or drunkenness. On short cruises this may be so. But a surgeon can do little for inebriates except to order the bartender to refuse them liquor. And seasickness is easily prevented by placing drops in the ears within fifteen minutes of its onset. Actually seasickness and drunken-

ness are a small part of our work. We may encounter any medical problem met ashore; scarcely a day passes without at least one minor operation.

Not many weeks ago a clerk

A large and successful practice in Mexico ended for Dr. Hooker when the 1915 revolution broke. He re-established himself in Baltimore but in 1929 the siren sea lured him to serve on round-the-world and trans-Atlantic ships. Also widely traveled is John Scott Douglas, who collaborated with the doctor on this tale of medical adventure. After winning a masters in business from Harvard, Douglas promptly turned his back on commerce for a writing career. Their success as a team is demonstrated in these pages.

in a San Francisco store reminded me that I had saved the life of his little baby girl by performing an operation 3,000 miles at sea. His gratitude was heartening, but in reality it

was far less difficult than an operation performed a few years earlier on the North Atlantic.

A mother had brought her small son to me in the ship's hospital. A careful examination revealed a gangrenous appendix.

Now as it happened, an inter-

nationally-famous elderly Chicago surgeon and a brilliant young Mayo Clinic surgeon were aboard that ship. As doctors and nurses invariably do on a cruise, they had visited the hospital to offer their services.

Both agreed on my diagnosis, and on the advisability of an immediate operation. Neither man, however, was an anesthetist. I had ample experience in the administration of anesthetics; but company rules forbade another surgeon from performing the operation. Yet I couldn't administer gas in such a case while performing the operation.

As the appendix would have ruptured in a few hours, I made a quick decision. Requesting the captain to slow down and circle the ship, I strapped the boy to the table, administered the anesthesia and made the initial incision to comply with company rules. The young Mayo surgeon carried on from there, with the elderly Chicago surgeon standing by. It was a delicate operation requiring dissection cell by cell to remove a six-inch gangrenous appendix, but so skillfully did my young colleague perform the work that there was not even a stitch abscess afterward.

During the Caribbean hur-

ricane season one year our vessel was working through that narrow passage between coral formations known as "The Gate" when she was struck by a *torbellino*. This wind of hurricane force whirled a waterspout toward us, and struck us with a terrible impact.

PASSENGERS had been thrown down companionways, against bulkheads, and across decks, and their screams warned me of many injuries. Before I was through, I had to improvise make-shift splints with strips of corrugated cardboard carton, thick as a man's hand. I treated 150 patients!

The most publicized work of the ship surgeon is answering the "Medico" appeals radioed by ships carrying no medical man. Once I answered a Medico call from an Italian tramp steamer two hundred miles away. The Italian captain spoke very broken English, and only familiarity with Spanish enabled me to piece together enough of the symptoms to hazard some sort of a suggested treatment.

A short time later, though, the Italian skipper radioed: "*De seek, he is better. Receive our tanks.*"

Another Medico turned out less happily when a Chief Engineer of a smaller sister ship was trans-

ferred to our vessel because he had a severe hemorrhage. Through sleepless nights I contested every inch of lost ground, using the most powerful stimulants, while the ship "burned her boilers" to reach port. In the end, I lost. All we could do was grant the "Chief's" last request that we "bury" him at sea as most seamen prefer.

The officers stood at attention while the bugler sounded taps and I read the service. All the flowers aboard covered the casket, and three long, mournful blasts were sounded by the ship's horn as it was lowered into the sea. Passengers told me afterwards that when their time had ended they wished to have a ship ceremony and be buried at sea.

My outstanding dramatic experience in years of ship practice concerned a case of *myeloid leukemia*, a disease few doctors encounter in a lifetime. White corpuscles multiply rapidly, bones crumble and disintegrate. The patient's fever burns him up.

The victim of this strange

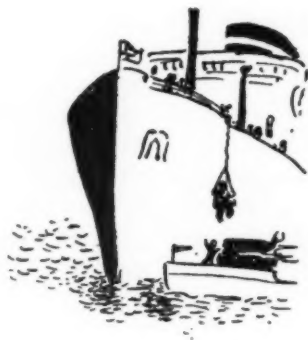
disease was the Argentine Ambassador, one of the most beloved figures in Washington. Specialists there gave *Senor Enrique Enciso* just five days to live. He wished to die in his own country, seventeen days away by steamship.

For a man facing certain death, I've never seen anyone more courageous than that Argentine Ambassador. The eyes of the medical men of two capitals watched for the daily bulletin broadcast from our ship. I prolonged the poor man's life for fifteen days; we were two days from his homeland when he finally died.

Tropical maladies almost unheard of play a large part in a ship surgeon's work. We successfully treated athlete's foot, formerly a tropical ailment, at a

time when it was unknown.

A sudden blast of cold wind swept down from the north one time when a round-the-world-cruise ship on which I was serving crossed the Red Sea. Passengers were seized with severe cramps in stomach and legs, while



others fell prostrate to the deck. The water and food were held to be responsible, but a test proved both to be altogether blameless.

It was, I knew, "Hong Kong tummy." The abrupt coldness of the north wind after the intense heat had chilled already overloaded internal organs. It was as if the passengers had stepped into a refrigerator. Peristaltic action had forced food through without digestion taking place. Well aware of the danger, natives from Singapore to Bombay throw on woolen wraps in the shade or wear broad flannel abdomen bands at all times. Hong Kong tummy is severe; but within two hours of their attacks, many of my patients had recovered, and all were on deck next day.

During my early days as ship's surgeon the wife of a prominent American called at my office with a severe dermatitis on the inner

surface of both arms. She explained that she'd contracted "Ningpo varnish" playing Mah Jong, and looked hurt when I laughed. But she wasn't joking! Inquiry revealed that if Mah Jong players rest bare arms on the lacquered framework of a set, they may acquire skin trouble. Mah Jong sets are made in Ningpo and lacquered with a varnish made from trees bearing a close resemblance to poison oak!

Today I assume a more open-minded attitude when a patient names some disease acquired in a foreign land, for often they're right. Certain jungle insects leave scars merely by crawling over your skin. Probably many diseases now unknown will be discovered with the opening up of vast jungle regions by world commerce.

There is excellent chance, too, that the first cure may be effected by a surgeon on a rolling ship.

Double Your Money

THE seemingly generous old-gold buyers who meander from door to door have a system of weighing which is trickier than a butcher's thumb.

They refuse to quibble with housewives about a few cents in the price per pennyweight

for their old gold as they heap the trinkets on their scales. For counterweights they use bright, new, Lincoln pennies until a balance is struck.

A troy pennyweight is 24 grains; a Lincoln penny weighs 48 grains. —FRANK W. BROCK

Many a brain has become fuddled trying to prove that our dreams are any more unreal than our waking lives. All of us live two lives. It is from that other life of dreams which a thousand explanations have failed to explain that the following true tales are borrowed.

Your Other Life

A STARTLINGLY vivid scene flashed into the dream life of O. T. Kitchens, section foreman on the Southern Railroad. It was a spring night in 1912 and Kitchens, who was slightly ill, was confined to his Georgia home. In his dream he saw a nearby river wash out a railroad bridge.

Upon awakening, Kitchens, ill as he was, dressed and walked six miles to the bridge he had seen in the dream. When he arrived, he found the span in wreckage. Sixty feet of trestle had been carried away, and the center of the bridge was a tangle of twisted rails and ties.

Realizing that a passenger train was soon due to approach the bridge from the other side, Kitchens tried to discover some way of crossing the swollen river. Finding none, he

cupped his hands and yelled for half an hour. At last he attracted the attention of a man on the other side of the stream. Following Kitchen's instructions, the man flagged down the approaching train.

Although the story was carried in numerous newspapers, it is doubtful if any of the scores of sleeping passengers ever discovered that all that separated them from eternity was a dream.



WITH ITS usual lack of consideration for the medical profession, the world old problem of life and death put in a hurry call for a prominent New Jersey physician. His nurse, Mrs.

Barbara Farabaugh of Neptune, New Jersey, made frantic efforts to reach him. She was unsuccessful. The doctor seemed to have vanished from this planet.

At rope's end, she held her head between her hands and closed her eyes. For an instant she slipped into a dreamlike state. Suddenly her whole mind was filled with this series of the numbers: 2207. Snapping back into full consciousness, she made another effort to reach the doctor. This too failed. Grasping at a whisp of straw, she dialed the numbers: 2207.

This turned out to be a garage. The mechanic was short tempered. He was fuming over an emergency repair job for a man whom he had never seen, a man who had never before entered the garage, thought of it or mentioned it—a man who had stopped at the garage only because of an unexpected breakdown, a man who was the badly wanted doctor.



ON MARCH 23, 1912, the Hon. J. Cannon Middleton of London purchased a ticket on a steamship bound for America. On April 4, 1912, the Hon. J. Cannon Middleton of London canceled his ticket. The cause of his changed plans was a dream which had recurred on three successive nights. In the dream he had seen the ship in question sinking, its dark hulk surrounded by the passengers

and crew, each man and woman struggling desperately to find something by which to keep afloat.

Although he was not superstitious, Middleton finally decided to postpone his trip to America. Therefore, the White Star Steamship Company lost one passenger on the *S. S. Titanic*.



IT WAS unpleasant for Ida Randall of 5701 Bryant Street, East End, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to awaken from her dream world on that January night in 1941. She had just dreamed of finding a roll of large denomination bills, and the dream made the clatter of the alarm clock ultra prosaic.

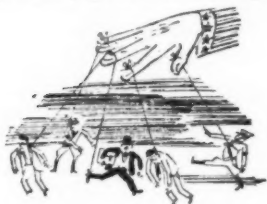
Two days later, descending to the basement in search of a mislaid picture, she suddenly stopped in front of an old trunk which her father had often taken on camping trips. On an unexplainable impulse she opened the trunk and tore out the lining.

Exasperated at her strange behavior, she was prepared to throw both the lining and a newspaper which was behind it into the furnace. Then, within the newspaper, she caught sight of a roll of bills. There were two hundred dollars in bills.

Notation: if desiring money, try dreaming.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

350,000 known spies—divided among 1,500 federal investigators—equals a grave need in America for new, effective counter-espionage legislation



Dragnet for Secret Agents

by DONALD E. KEYHOE

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I think William Schmidt, who works where I do, is a Nazi. If we went to war against Hitler, he could wreck our plant. You better watch him.

Yours truly,
C. W. B——.

DAY AFTER DAY, tips similar to this letter flood the FBI and Intelligence offices. A hesitant note describes the furtive picture-taking of one Peter Smolek. Another, unsigned, denounces Italian-born Maria Cassari as a propagandist-spy. At more than three hundred a day, the letters pour into Washington.

Every tip is checked, though many mean wasted hours. Peter Smolek proves a harmless camera-fiend, Maria Cassari, the target of a spiteful neighbor. But in

William Schmidt, secret Bund member, is found a vicious enemy of America. After careful investigation, his name is placed on the roster of known spies.

In counter-espionage there is a time-honored rule: Before exposing a spy, watch him to learn his contacts. But unfortunately there is a hitch. On the Government spy-list are over 350,000 names. The FBI has 1,500 agents.

Even the most important spies often go unwatched. One of these lives a carefree Jekyll-and-Hyde existence in Washington, where he is well known as a foreign correspondent. On the rare occasions when he is under surveillance, he can shift into the role of correspondent, with official passes to every Government building from War-Navy to the White

House. At all other times he is free for such sub rosa duties as his Embassy assigns him.

To keep the spy-army safely in check, our counter-espionage groups must be expanded or the spy-list reduced by wholesale arrests. For this last, tighter laws will be needed.

Meantime, closer co-operation between undercover agencies might strengthen the spy dragnet. Although the FBI is the official anti-spy bureau, cases are also handled by State Department agents and Intelligence officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. Other cases are uncovered by postal inspectors and by the Border Patrol, Immigration Customs and a dozen other agencies.

Under this system investigations overlap, sometimes are duplicated. But despite flaws, conditions are improving. Information is pooled, and the FBI follows up spy-leads except where instant action is needed.

MODERN SPIES are not often the furtive secret agents of comic strips and movie thrillers. Many have been here for years, smoothly fitting themselves to American ways. The leaders are brilliant men, clever at forming friend-

ships. In Washington you will see them with Government officials and their wives, at cocktail parties, on the golf links, at the receptions. Aiding them are equally smart women, educated in idly extracting vital information. Next to this corps d'elite is a larger group, less easy to detect. Business men of every type: engineers, chemists, technicians and factory workers in almost every phase of industrial life. Some of them make away with trade secrets and formulas; others skillfully spread defeatist propaganda while they wait for emergency orders that may mean widespread sabotage. Hardest of all to discover is the lone-wolf saboteur, the fanatic admirer of Hitler or Mussolini, who works without direction.

Many resident spies, smugly secure, would be amazed to know they are on the Government list. But spy-conscious America has its eyes open, and warnings to the FBI constantly increase. When a tip comes in, naming a New York business man, files are checked for a possible criminal record; then the New York office goes to work. Investigation reveals that the suspect is legal adviser to a corporation dealing with Germany. By a trick, a patented process vital to American defense

is about to be tied up under German control. No arrest is made, but the patent-steal is blocked, the agent's usefulness ended.

In the same mail may come another spy-tip naming a woman educator. But she is already on the list, as a writer of school textbooks with pro-Axis propaganda. Many schools have been warned against her writings.

A young workman in a Los Angeles aircraft plant is the next to be checked up. A quiet probe shows him to be a member of a radical "ism" group. And another dossier goes into Government files, with a private warning to plant executives.

The list grows, but still there are few arrests. In a few cases, spy plots are thwarted, without fanfare. Not long ago plans for an elaborate spy-den, to be baited with girls in Nazi pay, was uncovered in Washington. A woman well known in capital society had leased an expensive suite, where susceptible young officers were to be tricked into divulging defense secrets. When the FBI and Naval Intelligence learned of it, the lease was canceled, and the woman's seniors hurriedly transferred her from this country.

Neither the FBI nor the In-

telligence services have women agents. The danger of their falling in love with some charming enemy is often cited as a reason, but that danger is double-edged. Carefully chosen women agents would be helpful in many spots now closed to the FBI, such as Washington beauty salons where foreign operators are under suspicion. In watching foreign officials who use diplomatic immunity as a shield, they would be invaluable.

FOR EVERY arrest outside of the military and naval services there are hundreds of spies and fifth columnists left at large, for lack of legal evidence under present laws. As the spy-roster grows, the proportion will increase unless some drastic change is made. At the present rate, the spy-list will soon number more than 400,000. If the names of those under suspicion were added, the total would be doubled.

For quick use, the spy-files are cross-indexed, with one phonetic file so that a name can be found by its sound alone.

On this amazing roster are the names of hostile aliens, naturalized citizens and native Americans. Every profession, every phase of life is represented.

In an emergency, a dragnet by

federal, state and local police is expected to bring in the most dangerous spies and saboteurs before wide-spread damage is done.

Nevertheless, day after day, Federal agents see cases where guilt is plain, yet action is seldom taken. Shortage of agents to secure legal evidence is sometimes the cause, but adding one or two thousand men would not solve the major problem.

Strict laws are urgently needed. Laws to reach the propagandists who seek to destroy our Government. Laws to convict the foreign agents hamstringing many vital labor unions.

With a reasonable increase in personnel, the FBI and our Intelligence forces can handle the spy menace, but only if backed up by a sterner policy. Without such a change, the FBI can only

continue to add to the list of known but undisturbed spies.

If the order to strike should come suddenly from across the sea, it would be small comfort to know the names of the enemies we waited too long to arrest.

Donald Keyhoe, who specializes in writing and lecturing on espionage subjects and defense problems, is a graduate of Annapolis. Later, he flew four years for the Marine Corps—until he cracked up in Guam. He has written for the aeronautics branch of the government. He lives near the Capitol, along the Potomac, on ground which once belonged to George Washington. There, his attempts on the violin can disturb only his wife.

—Suggestions for further reading:

SECRET LIFE OF A SECRET AGENT
by Henry Wysham Lanier \$2.50
J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia

THE TROJAN HORSE IN AMERICA
by Martin Dies \$2.50
Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., New York

SPY AND COUNTERSPY
by Emanuel Victor Voska
and Will Irwin \$2.75
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York

Norman Rockwell



His tremendous like for people shouts from every picture Norman Rockwell paints. A fine draughtsman, he is never "stunty" like some artists, who use a trick with gratifying results, then find themselves relying on that trick until they are fettered by it. Rockwell was born 47 years ago in Manhattan; his Main Street was Broadway, his playground Riverside Drive. His greatness is his ability to catch what is basic and true about people, wherever they are. We're not so stupid as to try to tell you *how* he manages to do it.

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Ichibod Crane by Norman Rockwell

THREE IMPRESSIONS

by

Norman Rockwell

*His teaching embraced
everything, from how
to sit in the little chair
he bought her to how to
tell good from evil*





But it was a girl!





Fiction Feature:

*Is she Dorothy Lamour? Lana Turner?
No, said Dale—June Darling! Plunk!
Like that! With which the fun began*

House Party

by KATHERINE LYON

IT WAS a snowy afternoon in late February when Hulda brought Spencer Whitman into my living room.

I am always glad when any of the students from the University come to see me, but I am especially pleased when Spencer comes. For while I do not know as much of student affairs as I did when I was younger and my husband was alive, I do realize Spencer's importance. Besides being editor of the *University Daily News* and secretary of the senior class, he is president of Delta Alpha fraternity. For many years my husband, who was Professor of Medieval History, acted as alumni adviser for that fraternity. Since his death the boys have been kind about

including me in some of their less strenuous social affairs and in coming to call on me.

They usually come at tea time, and Hulda augments my simple tray with more substantial sandwiches and places a small cruet of rum beside the lemon dish. I have discovered that rum in tea is an invaluable aid to confidences, which in Spencer's case are usually stories his journalistic instinct prompts him to publish but his sense of discretion forbids.

On this occasion he sat down in the big wing chair on the other side of the fireplace and inquired politely about my arthritis. I said it was better, which is what he wanted to hear. We talked of the weather, of the war,



He stretched out disreputable white shoes to the fire

and of my cyclamen, until Hulda had brought in the tea tray and a large plate of cinnamon toast.

"How was the Junior Week house party?" I inquired, and pushed the cruet of rum toward him.

"It was all right," he said, helping himself generously.

"Whom did you take?"

"Sue Green. Do you approve?"

"Yes, indeed," I said warmly. Sue is Professor Malcolm Green's daughter and a very nice child. "How did she get on with June Darling?"

"So you heard about that?"

"Heard about it," I echoed. "Do you think I can't read?"

He smiled modestly. "It was rather well written up, I guess."

"And if I couldn't read, I could at least look at the pictures. Do have another piece of toast."

He did. Then he looked at me and grinned. "What did you think of those pictures?" he asked.

"They were most interesting," I assured him. "Does Miss Darling kiss every young man she meets?"

"She was only kissing in two pictures," he said.

"Allen Fitch I recognized, but I didn't know the other one, the tall curly-headed boy."

"That was Dale Holman, a freshman. He arranged for her coming."

"But the paper said she was the guest of Allen Fitch," I objected.

"That was what we gave out. But it was Dale who asked her."

I looked properly mystified. "It sounds rather complicated," I said, offering him cigarettes.

"You said it." He leaned forward to light my cigarette for me. I am always pleased when one of these boys does not think me too old to smoke. Hulda is so disapproving. "What was Miss Darling like? I've seen her in the movies, of course, and once on the stage, I think."

"She was one cute kid," he began, then checked himself. "Well, she had black hair, very soft and silky, and she was little. Sue Green said she wore a size twelve, and her eyes were blue, the deepest blue you ever saw—

striking, too, with those long dark lashes. Gosh, I can still hardly believe it all happened." He slid down a little in his chair and stretched out disreputable white shoes to the fire. I cannot become accustomed to white shoes in the winter, but his sox looked warm. "Honest, it's the darnedest story," he said. "Promise me' you won't tell."

I promised; I always do. Then I took up my knitting and listened.

"You know Allen Fitch," he began. I nodded. "Do you like him?"

I hesitated. "I don't know him very well."

"You don't like him much. Nobody does. Oh, he's all right when he wants to be, but he's a heel and everyone knows it. You've never met Dale. He was just pledged last fall. None of us knew much about him. Oh, he had good recommendations and all that," he added hastily, lest I think the chapter was not living up to my husband's standards. "His mother was a widow and a legal firm with very impressive stationery was his guardian. At the time of the fall house party Allen got down on Dale. He had a girl there from Smith and she sort of took up with Dale. I don't think there was anything to it except that Dale's a swell dancer and she liked to dance with him. But Allen was sore as a boil, and since he's a senior, he could make it plenty mean for Dale. I didn't think about it when I made Allen chairman of the house-party committee and put all the fresh-

men on to help. It's a big job, and Allen is efficient."

"Mean, but efficient, the dictator type," I suggested.

"Things seemed to be going along all right until a week before the party, though some of the fellows told me that he'd bawled Dale out about his car, said he mustn't leave it in front of the house during the house party, that it was a disgrace to the fraternity and so on. Dale's got an old rebuilt convertible, called State Street Sadie that he's nuts about. It's . . ."

"It wouldn't be a jalopy?" I interrupted.

"It would," he said admiringly. I purled with such nonchalance that I dropped a stitch. "Jalopy is right. There were some other things, too, that made the relations more strained than ever. One night I came on them in the library, both talking loud and looking mad. 'Here, what's the row?' I said. Allen said there wasn't any, but Dale spoke up and said, 'What's this he tells me about freshmen not being allowed to have girls for Junior Week?' Of course that's a ruling we've had for years, and I told Dale so.

"Well, it seems that Dale had asked a girl to Junior Week, and he didn't see how he could get out of it, and what was more, if the chapter knew who she was, they'd all want her to come."

"Who is she, Dorothy Lamour?" asked Allen, very jibing. "No," said Dale, "June Darling!" Plunk! Like that. "You mean *the* June Darling?"

*"I wish you could have seen her
when she stepped off that plane!"*



asked Allen. Well, it seems he did, herself and not a motion picture."

"How did he happen to know her?"

"He said he'd known her since he was a kid, that they used to live in the same town. He'd asked her sort of kidding, if she'd like to come for Junior Week, and she'd taken him right up. She was having a month's leave from her show, *June Moon* and was in Florida, but she'd fly up for the party.

"Then Allen had an idea. He suggested that since he wasn't having a girl for the party that he'd be glad to act as her official escort, which would make it all legal and correct. Dale jumped at it, and I thought myself it

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROBERT GREENHALGH

was a good idea, though I should have known there was something wrong with it, or Allen wouldn't have had it."

"What was wrong with it?" I asked, though I thought I could guess.

"We'll come to that in time," said Spencer gently. "The girls were due to get here Thursday. In the morning it snowed but cleared off, and we got word that Miss Darling would arrive at the airport about four. The news had got round that June Darling was coming on a specially chartered plane, and there was quite a crowd to meet her, photographers and a news reel man and University and city reporters. I wondered if Dale had told her what had been given out about her escort. I thought it would be awkward if she should fall on Dale and then look at Allen with an introduce-your-friend sort of air, but she knew her lines all right. I wish you could have seen her when she stepped off that plane."

"But I did," I insisted, "at least in the pictures, you know. She looked charming. Was it a mink coat?"

"That's what Sue told me," affirmed Spencer, "and she had a short squirrel coat and an ermine wrap for evening. Same authority. Well, she stood on tiptoe and kissed Allen first on one cheek, then on the other. It may sound goofy, but she was awfully cute about it. Then she turned to Dale and kissed him just once, but more as if she meant it, I thought. Those were the pictures you saw in

the paper. She was generous about interviews and autographs, too, but finally Allen got her into the front seat of his car, with Dale and the luggage stowed away in back. Seeing I was hanging around, looking hopeful, he asked me to ride up the hill with them. June kept turning round, talking to Dale and saying how glad she was to be there, and I saw Allen wasn't liking that any too well, but pretty soon she saw it too, and was very chatty with him. She told him how sweet she thought it was for him to arrange for her to come and how fine it was for Dale to have such a friend. Quite a line. He certainly lapped it up. Dale and I kept the luggage steady and didn't say much, but Dale looked awfully happy."

"The dear boy," I said. My sympathies were already on his side.

"When we got to the hill, the car couldn't make it. No chains. And while Allen was skidding around in the snow, Dale dashed off and got Sadie. Miss Darling said, was this Sadie, how perfectly screaming, and she hopped right out and into the convertible before Allen could stop her. Dale gave Sadie the gas and she went backfiring up the hill. Allen was furious, and I knew we were in for trouble."

"But Dale is ahead so far." I said with satisfaction.

Spencer looked at me queerly. "Yes," he said, "so far." He took up the poker and turned a log over on the fire. "Miss Darling made quite



a sensation when she came down to dinner that night. All the fellows were prepared to fall for her, but the girls were sure they shouldn't like her and the chaperons were worried stiff about her."

"Who were the chaperons?" My mind went swiftly back to the days when I had served in such a capacity.

"Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Hollander. Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Hollander are all right, but Mrs. Bemis isn't so hot. We have to have her, though, on account of the old man." Mr. Bemis is the present alumni adviser, and personally I do not care too much for either him or Mrs. Bemis.

"But everyone liked Miss Darling right away. She wasn't a bit standoffish, well, you know what I mean, not stiff, or acting like 'look who I am,' but just friendly and wanting to get acquainted, and saying how pleasant the house was and what a nice room she had."

"Whose room did she have?"

"Mine," said the president. "It's the best in the house."

"What about the—ahem—art?" I had once left my wraps in his study.

"I took it down. I put up a set of the Cathedrals of Europe Aunt Esther gave me when I was a freshman. No, she didn't crab about anything, and she looked simply wonderful."

"Do you remember what she had on?"

Spencer gazed into the fire and spoke slowly. "Something blue and silver, I think. She was beautiful. When we went down to dinner Dale wasn't around and Allen sat with her and said that Dale had had to go and see about some trunks. That first night, you know, is when we have our big champagne dinner to start things off right. Finally Dale came in, tired, and drew up a chair beside June. She gave him champagne from her glass, and he began to cheer up. We didn't have anything planned for that evening except a little house dance with the boys in the house furnishing the music. Dick Stuart has a swell band. But right away fellows from other houses, who knew June Darling was there, began crashing the party.

I told Allen we'd have to lock the doors and keep them locked and right away he appointed Dale and Scott Winters, another freshman, to stand by the front door.

"Which put Dale out of circulation," I interpolated.

"I'll say it did. He had to stand there and watch every man in the house dance by with June. Naturally we all wanted to dance with her, and she was cut all the time. She was a wonderful dancer; it was like holding a bit of thistledown, and she could follow anything."

"After all, it's her business."

"Yes, but most professionals lead you all over the floor. She just floated.

Allen didn't dance with anyone else; just stood in the stag line till he could cut June again. I cut her a good bit myself, and once she said she didn't think Dale ought to stay in that door all night, and she was going to do something about it. Pretty soon the orchestra played *June Moon*, and we got her to sing it. That's the theme song of her show; do you know it?"

"I think I've heard it on the radio," I said, "but perhaps I'm confusing it with *May Day*. They all seem a good deal alike."

"Not when she sings it. Afterward, she said there must be lots of talent in the house and it would be fun to put on a show, but she'd need Dale for a partner because they'd danced together a good deal. That got Dale away from the front door and we put a couple of waiters there, which is what we should have done in the first place. I wish you could have seen that show."

"I wish I could," I said very sincerely.

"Of course the band is good anyhow, and Allen sings and there was a girl from Alabama who did real down-south blues. Just about everybody could do something. She organized two choruses and taught us a couple of easy routines." He rose, and holding an imaginary hat in one hand and the poker in the other, did a few gliding steps across the room. "You'd have got a big kick out of it. We rehearsed most all night. Mrs. Hollander and Mrs. Rand didn't have

to worry about couples sticking off in dark corners and even Mrs. Bem is seemed pleased. But the big sensation was the way Dale and

June danced. I never saw anything trickier on the stage or in the movies. Dale can't sing, though, so she had to have Allen sing with her. The show ended with her standing hand in hand with both of them and the whole lot of us singing *June Moon!*"

"That must have been the picture I saw in the *News*."

"No, that was taken at the Junior Prom. They did the song and dance over that night. It made a big hit there." He hummed a reminiscent bar or two as he put up the poker.

"Miss Darling slept most of the next day, but the other girls went up to see the campus in the morning and to a tea dance in the afternoon. She came down about four in a bright red dress, a silly little hat and a squirrel coat, and she and Dale slipped out while Allen was playing bridge with the chaperons. It sure burned him up.

"That night we had an early dinner. The glee club began at eight-thirty, you know. June wore a white dress of some kind of heavy silk, cut in the neck like this . . ." he traced a modest square on the front of his tweed coat . . . "with little sleeves puffed out here . . ." again he illus-



trated. "You know she had a grand tan from being in Florida, and this white dress set it off. Around her waist was a wide brown band."

"A sash," I offered helpfully.

"Oh, no," said Spencer, "the band was June."

"Was what?"

"Was June, herself, the epidermal layer."

"I suppose it's no different from a bathing suit," I said, "but it sounds a little chilly for February."

"Mrs. Bemis was shocked, but we hushed her up. Dale wasn't there when Miss Darling came in, but when he got back just before the concert and saw June standing before the fire, warming her midriff, he looked stunned. She smiled at him, but he didn't smile back. 'Come here,' he said, 'I want to talk to you,' and as they walked out, Sue and I heard him say, 'June, are you

crazy? You can't wear that outfit to the prom.' And sure enough when she stood up at the concert to take off her coat, the ermine one, she had a wide scarlet sash around her waist.

"We didn't stay till the end of the prom, for it was an awful mob and June got worn out. We all went back to the house and sat around on the floor in the music room and sang. Dale was sort of out of it. Mrs. Bemis had got him anchored down on the davenport and all he could do was

watch June sitting there, singing first with the man on her left and then on her right." He inhaled deeply. "I was sorry for him."

"Allen on one side, but on the other?"

"I was on the other side, but our voices went well together." His tone was dignified.

"If you had been so sorry for Dale, you could have given him your place."

"I could . . . but I didn't. You understand we were all on Dale's side. We knew Allen was being mean as the devil, and Dale was such a good sport about it, too. That night when we finally broke up to go to bed, I told him I was afraid he wasn't getting to

see much of Miss Darling, and he said he was so happy to have her there he didn't mind so much."

"Dale must be a nice boy," I said.

"The next day was the last day of the party, and most of the girls were

taking the evening train for New York. But June was staying over to go out by plane in the morning. You know how that last day is, everyone dog-tired but bound to keep going."

"I remember," I said. "I have seen more engagements broken on the last day of a house party than were made on the first."

"This time it seemed even worse than usual. You could feel the atmosphere crackle, with Mrs. Bemis doing her share. I knew I ought to find out

Katherine Lyon has viewed the collegiate scene from several angles, first as an undergraduate at Cornell, then as a member of the faculty at Kansas State Teachers College, now as a campus wife—she is married to a professor at the University of Kansas.

what was up, but I hated to mix in." He leaned over, picked up a lump of sugar from the tea tray, squeezed a bit of lemon on it, added a few drops of rum, and popped it into his mouth.

"Late that afternoon Sue told me that Mrs. Bemis was spreading the dirt about June Darling and Dale. I said how could she spread anything there when they'd hardly seen each other for two minutes since the house party began. Did she mean Miss Darling and Allen? No, it seems she didn't. Mrs. Bemis had seen Dale coming out of Miss Darling's room about five o'clock in the morning."

Spencer gave me a quick glance to see how I was taking it. I studied my knitting. "So what?" I asked.

"That was the way I felt, too, but Mrs. Bemis was sure the good name of Delta Alpha had been badly damaged. Pretty soon everyone in the house except Miss Darling and Allen and Dale knew about it. Some of them were sore, but most of them said it was nothing and to keep it quiet. Sue saw it the way I did. I didn't like it much, but I didn't blame Dale for wanting to have a little time with Miss Darling and just because he went into her room . . . well, that is . . ."

"Of course," I said.

"That evening after dinner those of us who were left were sitting down in the bar. June was at a table with Dale and Allen. She looked tired."

"I'm still trying to remember what it was I saw her in," I said. "Go on,

it will come to me."

"Allen had certainly fallen hard for her. He was a little high and was being pretty obnoxious. Dale looked mad, and I knew they had June worried. Just then dear Mrs. Bemis exploded her bomb. 'How did it happen, Miss Darling,' she said, very loud and distinct, 'that I saw Dale Holman coming out of your room at five o'clock this morning?' June turned as white as a sheet in spite of her tan. 'Did you?' she said. Then Sue spoke up, and I want to tell you she is one fine little girl. 'I can explain all that, Mrs. Bemis,' she said, 'because I was there. It was so cold I nearly froze to death so I went in to sleep with June and we couldn't get the storm window shut, so we called Dale to come and close it.' Pretty quick, that."

"Did anyone believe her?"

"No, but everyone pretended to and talked about how cold it had been and how those windows stick. I thought Allen hadn't really taken it in, but after a minute he got up and told Dale he'd like to see him upstairs. June tried to keep them from going, but they went on out and she followed."

I put down my knitting and looked at him. "Did all this really happen,



or are you making it up?"

"I'll say it happened," he declared. "Sue and I sat a bit, but she kept fidgeting and finally she said she thought we ought to go up and see what was going on. So we did. Allen was making a horrible row up in the library, ranting about honor and calling June and Dale all sorts of things. 'Look here,' I said to him, 'if you had played fair with Dale on this proposition, he wouldn't have had to sneak into her room to see her after you'd gone to bed.' At that, June looked up at me and giggled."

"Hysteria," I said, "I can understand it."

"She said it was no use, the truth would have to come out. 'Now don't be a fool,' I told her. 'Sue was in there too.' 'Of course,' said Sue. 'But there's no need of it,' said June, 'I'll feel better if you know the truth. You see I came to this party rather under false pretenses. Dale and I planned it as a sort of joke, partly on you, Al-

len, because I'd heard you hadn't always been nice to him. But it doesn't seem funny now. You've all been grand, and I hate to spoil it. What I'm going to tell you must be a secret.'

"Sue said, 'Of course.' Dale said, 'Are you sure you want to do this?' and Allen and I just goggled at her. She sat there in the middle of that red leather davenport with her gold skirts spread out and her big blue eyes all moist and misty. My gosh, she was a picture! She took a deep breath, smiled a funny little smile and said, very slowly, 'There was nothing wrong about Dale being in my room last night . . . he had every right to be there.'"

"Good heavens!" I cried, "They were married!"

Suddenly I thought of that musical show. It was *Delightful Dolores*; came out in the twenties. "But how terrible!

She's old enough to be his mother."

"You've guessed it," said Spencer.

"That's exactly who she is."



"My gosh, she was a picture!"

Echoes and Encores: A Cartoon Digest

ART FROM GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS SERVICE



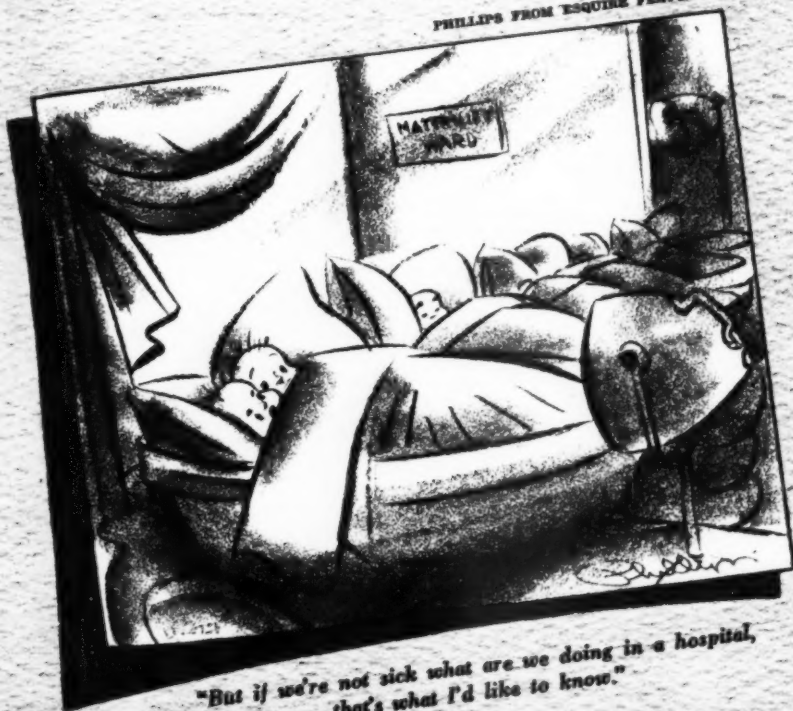
"Can I drop you anywhere, Casey?"

FROM LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



"So I said, 'Time bomb or no time bomb, sir,
we finish this rubber.'"

PHILLIPS FROM ESQUIRE FEATURES



"But if we're not sick what are we doing in a hospital,
that's what I'd like to know."

TOMY BARLOW FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE



WILLIAM BAKER FROM COLLIER'S



LOWELL E. HOPKES FROM JUDGE



"I want something for Sunday dinner. Have you any holy mackerel?"

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The Coronet Bookette:

DRUGGIST

CORNER



A condensation from Robert B. Nixon, Jr.'s new book—viewing American life through the windows of a neighborhood drug store.

"GET IT FROM the corner druggist," a familiar phrase in every American neighborhood, was coined back in the 1800's, when being a druggist meant being the adviser to whom people turned for first aid . . . for help in time of accidents . . . or for cures from shameful ailments. Such a man is Robert B. Nixon, corner druggist for sixty years. His biography, condensed within these pages, is packed with tangy tales of the folks who came into his stores. More important, though, it is a reliable picture of the American way of life . . . of the tragedy and comedy of every day's experience.

CORNER DRUGGIST

WE HAD barely fallen asleep one summer night, in the apartment over the drugstore, when we heard a woman's voice screaming in pain and fear.

Father seized some supplies and ran down the street to the house where the screaming woman stood in the window.

He discovered that she had varicose veins, some of which had burst, and that she was bleeding to death while her husband watched unable to help. Father set to work with those slender, capable hands of his and stopped the bleeding. After patching her up, he left some medical supplies which she might need and returned again to the drugstore.

The next morning she came in, her troubles of the night before forgotten, and set down on the counter the bottles Father had left with her.

"I didn't need these after all," she announced, "so there's no sense in my paying good money for them." With a curt nod she marched out again.

Mother opened her lips to protest, took one look at her husband's rueful expression and burst out laughing. Lack of gratitude he had learned to take for granted; but he was still baffled in trying to figure out a way to support a wife and five children when people persisted in having him treat their ills—for which a druggist cannot

by Robert B. Nixon, Jr.

accept pay—instead of buying his drugs.

This curiously personal relationship of the pharmacist to his customers has in many instances been modified today. But the people knew Father, and he was acquainted with their wives and scolded their children. They could pour out their troubles to him, and he would listen and sympathize.

Doubtless it is because he dispenses life and death in his bottles that the experiences of a druggist like my father so often touch upon melodrama. Nevertheless, it was trying for the old-time druggist to be all things to all men.

One night shortly after closing time the night bell rang, and Father went down to the shop. A plain, middle-aged woman was waiting.

"I want to get some sulphuric acid for our battery. Our door bell won't ring."

As she signed the poison register, her hand trembled.

Father smiled to himself, and then forgot the incident. About three hours later the night bell rang again, and the woman's husband came in very excited, asking if he could speak with Father.

"My God, Doc, do you know what has just happened?"

"No, what's the matter?"

"You know my wife, and how damned jealous she is of me? Has she been in here recently?"

"Yes—for sulphuric acid for you to put into the door bell battery."

"I thought so! She followed me out and caught me talking to a woman friend in the park. She threw acid in my friend's face and ran. A crowd gathered. A cop came and grabbed a horse and buggy and hurried her to the hospital with me along. He asked me if I knew who did it, and I told him I didn't. He took the fictitious name and address I gave him and told me to go home till he called for me, if necessary. Do you think she will be blinded and horribly burned?"

"No, Dick. You see I smelled a rat, for I knew you would come for such a thing yourself. So I gave her only a diluted sulphuric acid. If your friend got some into her eyes, they may be inflamed for a short while, but she won't be burned or scarred. Are you friendly with this woman?"

"Yes, very."

"Well Dick, when you go home, let your wife talk and then quietly tell her it is a penitentiary offense—that if she is caught she'll prob-

Corner Druggist

ably go up for ten years, because the girl might be burned frightfully. Then, if I were you, I would forget the girl. You will find more happiness by being true."

Sulphuric acid, Father said, should never be sold in quantities of less than five pounds at least, and *never* to a woman.



LIKE OTHER medicines which can be beneficial, white arsenic has been misused. Because it is tasteless and colorless, it has been a favorite poison used by men and women to kill their fellows since the earliest times.

Father thought that because of its devilish use by men, white arsenic should be colored red and this color be soluble in water so that its use could be detected, and that a bitter flavor should also be added. He said it should be sold only to known customers.

One day an attractive young woman came into the store and asked for some arsenic. Father looked at her quickly, searching for signs of nervousness, but she was smiling and tranquil.

"I want it for my complexion. My husband wants me to try arsenic. He heard that it was ex-

cellent for skin troubles."

"How much did he tell you to use as a dose?" Father asked.

"He said to use as much as I could get on the point of a knife blade. Is that enough?"

"Yes," he said gravely. "That much would kill you."

"But my husband told me to take it," she said, white-faced. She exchanged a long look with Father and then, with a blind little gesture, turned and ran out.

The poison register of many a drugstore contains the clue to tragedies, murders, accidents, and suicides. One day after making an entry, Father shut the book.

"People used to have more sense than they have now," he declared. "Can you imagine your grandmother making the mistake of putting rat poison in an empty baking powder can without changing the label?"

"Grandmother never thought of murdering her family, because she had to work hard for them. She didn't take gas to 'end it all.' And she didn't resort to poison."

At this point one of the "Pillars of Fire" ladies who came into the store frequently for contributions for their church, spoke up.

"Of course she had religion."

by Robert B. Nixon, Jr.

"Religion," Father told the startled ladies, "has caused more sorrow and trouble than drink."

This was the kind of opening Father loved. "Don't blame God for the trouble we have. Clothed in filth and greed we expect to enter Heaven. As well ask a dirty, muddy, stinking hog into your parlor as expect God to ask us to enter the Gates of Heaven!"

At this the outraged ladies fled.

God seemed very close to Father, though, as was typical of him, he chose his own erratic way which led to Him. From time to time he joined various churches to sample their wares, but never remained long. Having been assured, on one occasion that one could be saved only by being a Baptist, he joined the Baptist Church "to be on the safe side," but before long he was going his own way again.



HE WAS born in the Pennsylvania village of Mifflintown on May 23, 1875. He was the third in our family to be named Robert Bright Nixon.

Although my grandfather ran a bar in his hotel, Father himself was a firm upholder of temperance

and later a member of the Prohibition Party. This position naturally hampered him when it came to pushing sales. His heart wasn't in it. As a matter of fact, he never knowingly sold liquor to anyone whose family was in want. If he did so inadvertently, and found it out later, he returned the money.

When he was sixteen, Father entered the Mifflintown Academy for his second year.

"What trade are you going to learn?" his father asked him.

The railroad still seemed the most glamorous part of the town, and Father decided he would go into the machine shops. But before he progressed that far, he found that the girl who was to be his future wife had other ideas.

A machinist, she pointed out, always came home with dirty hands and dirty clothes. This chance remark altered his plans and changed the course of his life. He decided he would like to become a pharmacist.

Father began his apprenticeship when he was seventeen, a tall, slim lad with dark hair and ruddy cheeks.

On that first day at work, his employer mentioned salary.

Corner Druggist

"I don't care for any," he replied breezily. Money did not seem important. All he wanted was experience.

"You'll get plenty of experience," the man said. "Are you ready to start?"

"Yes, if I can have next Saturday off."

"No one can have Saturday off."

"Then I don't work," Father retorted. A present day employer's reply to this would be easy to imagine. But in this case the pretty young wife of the employer was present, and she whispered in her husband's ear.

"You going to see your girl? All right you can go." And so he began his career. It was this independent attitude which later provoked the following letter of recommendation:

"So far as we know, Mr. Nixon is energetic, honest, and temperate. We have had some experience with him which has led us to believe that he has an unusual amount of cheek, but perhaps this is not a detriment in a drug clerk in these degenerate days. His attainments are above average."

Forty years ago the druggist was, for the most part, his own manufacturer, and the duties of

an apprentice were strenuous.

In those days an apprentice learned that filling prescriptions was not all there was to pharmacy. The first rule was: Never repeat anything heard behind the counter. Both doctors and customers spoke more freely than discreetly at times, and the druggist learned that whether or not he took the Hippocratic oath, he was expected to keep it in this regard at least.



THE DRUG business went through a complete cycle of changes during Father's forty years in it. When he began, the medicine man was at the peak of his activities and many old-fashioned general stores handled all kinds of drugs. Now the wheel has come full circle, with the pharmacy taking on many aspects of a general store.

The major change has come in the preparation of the drugs themselves. Today a young druggist is not always apt to be interested in the history of the drugs he handles. He buys them all "ready-made."

It was in a dim, rat-infested cellar that Father learned to be an apothecary.

One of Father's first tasks was to go into that cellar with a light-

by Robert B. Nixon, Jr.

ed gasoline stove and transfer the contents of one barrel of gasoline to another because of a leak. Fortunately, his good angel was looking after him.

One day Father was stirring up a batch of tar syrup over the fire of the gasoline stove.

The proprietor asked him to get a package off the top shelf above the stove. As he crawled up the ladder, it tilted him against the gasoline tank, which sprang a leak. The flame shot upwards to the ceiling, and Father shot down onto a barrel of sugar, which he overturned, putting out the fire.

"That was very careless of you," snapped the proprietor. "Sugar costs money, young man!"

During his years of apprenticeship, it appears, Father divided his time fairly evenly between learning pharmacy and squiring the girls. But all this time, he continued to court Ella Lee Simons, whom he had met at the Mifflintown Academy. Their courtship, like their married life, was not always smooth.

His convictions, though violent, were unfixed and constantly subject to change. My mother's, while placid, were undeviating. She believed in the Bible and accepted

its teachings literally. When she went to church he waited outside, and neither one would consent to a compromise.

It didn't work much better when they went on a straw ride. Those were the days of corsets and bustles, and putting your arm around a girl was like hugging a post. But there was one girl who, Father discovered when he asked her to dance, did not wear a corset, and he immediately signed her up for all the other dances.

My mother never forgot *that*.

A few months later Father took an examination and became a full-fledged pharmacist.

At this time he was making ten dollars a week, and as his financial situation seemed so promising he decided it was high time to marry Ella Lee Simons.



MY MOTHER had over forty years in which to regret her hasty comment that a machinist came home with dirty hands. Druggists, she learned, practically never came home at all, and when they did their pockets were ill-lined. She experienced at times the worst kind of poverty, made and tore apart some thirty to forty homes

Corner Druggist

and knew the loneliness that comes to a woman whose husband is away eighteen hours a day.

Father's first job was in the little Quaker town of Haddonfield, New Jersey. Managing the drugstore alone was a heavy responsibility for a boy of twenty-one. He began to display that propensity for outspokenness which involved him in so many difficulties later in life.

One day a customer came into the store and asked for linseed oil. The loyalty with which people cling to outworn remedies and their reluctance to accept the new was always a sore point with Father. Father banged the linseed down on the counter. "There you are," he said crossly to the startled customer. "It allays irritation and softens the skin. What more do you want? It's good for horses, isn't it? If you feel irritated, by all means take a handful and chew it up. If you're chafed, rub it on your skin; if you have any left, keep it in the ice-box. But if you'll take my advice," and his voice rose to a shout, "meanwhile you'll call the doctor."

Father's ire was not often aroused. He was inclined, in fact, to feel too much rather than too

little sympathy for people's wants.

One morning a man entered and asked Father in a low tone, "Have you anything for worms that will leave no odor on the breath?"

"Yes," said Father.

"That's good. You see I have worms. My wife is a faith healer, and she's been giving me treatments, but they aren't doing me any good at all. I wouldn't for the world want to hurt her feelings. I'll take the medicine to my office, and not mention it to her. Then when I'm cured, I'll give her the credit."

The man with the worms was not the only refugee from a faith healer to come to Father. One of his friends who insisted that drugs were unnecessary to a person of sufficient faith came in one day and drew Father into a corner.

"Can you help me?" he whispered. "I'm afraid my girl's in trouble."

"But medicine," Father pointed out, "is unnecessary. All you need is faith."

"I have faith," shouted the friend. "But this is different."

Father looked at him, grinning. "I can't help you," he said. "Better take your troubles to God."

by Robert B. Nixon, Jr.

The new convert glared at him. "You go to hell," he muttered, slamming the door behind him.



AT ONE TIME Father went into partnership with a man who was not a registered pharmacist nor even a Qualified Assistant. But being intelligent he could read nearly all the prescriptions that we got. This very intelligence almost put him in jail.

One night a Negro came into the store, took a pillbox from his pocket and asked Father if he had filled the prescription.

"No, I didn't."

"I know you didn't, but the boss pretended you were here, and he filled it, and it has nearly killed my wife. The doctor says there's an overdose of a powerful remedy in the capsules, and if she don't recover there'll be trouble."

Father knew that. "Give me the box."

"Oh no, I won't. I want this for evidence. I'm not saying it's your fault; you were at lunch. What's the matter with those capsules, Doctor?"

"How should I know till I examine them?" Father was stalling for time. Of course he knew what

had happened. His partner had either put in too much colchicine, or hadn't compounded it right.

Next morning the partner came in, brisk and cheerful as ever. Noticing Father's grave manner, he asked what was the matter.

"Nothing much. You filled a prescription for a colored man yesterday, and the doctor says the man's wife is liable to die. Show me what you used."

"Die?" he said, blanching. "Here are the weights and ingredients. Isn't that right?"

"Yes. Now you either gave the woman an overdose of the colchicine by not rubbing it up properly with the other ingredients, or you gave her overweight. In rubbing up a powerful narcotic or alkaloid, you must always be sure that it is properly divided so that all capsules will have the same quantity in them."

After the third day, they felt assured that the woman would not die.

When it was all over, the Negro admitted the reason he had held on to those capsules. His wife's family disliked him on general principles, and he was afraid her death would bring a charge of attempted murder against him.

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The first years of my mother's married life passed fairly smoothly except for the upheaval incidental upon their constant moves. Father was still making ten dollars a week, and with only a wife and one child to support, he managed to live on it very well, or rather Mother managed.

From that point on, however, as each child arrived on the Nixon set—six in all—the way grew increasingly complicated. Something had to be done about it.

Taking matters into her own hands, Mother worked out a plan to put an end to the neighborhood's habit of using Father.

Hardly a day passed when Father was not pestered by appeals from people to relieve them of something that had got into their eyes. He had experimented until he had made an eye-wash that was satisfactory. But the customers hated to spend their money for it.

"Oh, I don't think that's necessary," they would say. "Now if you'll just take a look in my eye—"

So it went on, day after day, until Mother and the drug clerk determined to take steps. One noon a man rushed in with the

usual request for first aid. Hopefully Father reached for the bottle of eye-wash, and met the usual negative.

"Very well," he said, "bring in the instruments," and he rolled up his sleeves. The clerk reappeared with two cold chisels, which he slammed down noisily on the counter. As the customer's mouth dropped open, he went back and returned with a hatchet and a saw.

"After all," said the customer hurriedly, "I believe the eye-wash is all that is necessary." Dropping a quarter on the counter, he grasped the bottle and hurried out of the store.



A PERSON needs cast iron nerves to be a neighborhood druggist. And one good reason for this is the branch post office.

There was one old lady who came into Father's store every other day for a stamp and always at the most crucial time.

"You do a lot of writing," he remarked mildly one day when he rushed away from the cellar to answer her demand for a two-cent stamp.

She beamed at him. "I always

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buy my stamps from you," she said. "You see I want to be fair. I buy my drugs from the other drug store and my stamps here."

"That's fine," agreed Father. "But would it make any difference to you, if you did it the other way around?"

"Why, not at all, if you prefer it that way."

Father often wondered what the other druggist thought of the exchange.

Only a person unacquainted with the workings of Father's mind would be surprised that he first attempted to sell his method of reducing coal consumption to a large coal company. He was disillusioned and much struck by their personal selfishness when he discovered that they had no interest whatever in reducing coal consumption. Not only that, when he eventually interested a man in marketing his product for him, the coal companies promptly stopped all coal shipments to the potential investor, bringing his business to a standstill.

During the war, Father spent every hour he could trying to make chemical dyes to take the place of German dyes. He succeeded in producing a black dye

that stood every test possible, and would dye a fabric in twenty minutes. It took an hour and a half to secure a good black from the German dyes.

Father received nothing but discouragement and chicanery from the dyers, but knowing that he had a valuable product, he decided to send a few samples to the President of the United States, with the assurance that he would give him the formulas to give to the American dyers. Imagine his surprise when he got them back from the President's secretary, who said the chemists had found the black would turn rusty within six weeks. Twenty years later it was as black as ever.

Father concocted remedies for everything from cockroaches (Roachant) to perspiration (D'Odo); from a preparation to restore luster to silver (Silvo) to one which restored luster to hair (Sta-Curl), and a writing fluid he called Safe-All Safety Ink.



A GREAT upheaval took place in the druggist's business when Prohibition settled over the country. That ill wind led to changes in the preparation of drugs, and

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made some druggists more prosperous than they had ever been before. The red tape connected with the use of alcohol made it so hard for the druggist to compete with the manufacturer that an increasing number of pharmacists began to purchase all their pharmaceutical preparations instead of making them.

Once the older drug store cowboys, anxious concerning the coming of Prohibition, were at the soda fountain, discussing in low and agitated voices the dark days to come. Quietly Father mixed up a concoction with some ice, a little lemon and charged water; handed each a glass.

The Banker sipped and smiled. Then the Colonel sipped and hemmed. The Builder sipped and raised his eyes. The Dentist likewise. The Accountant sighed, and the Merchant said, "My, My."

The Accountant said a gin rickey with Gordon's gin was a wonderful and refreshing drink; they would miss it soon.

"Do you have much of it, Doc?" they inquired.

"No, I haven't any Gordon's."

"You can't fool us, Doc, we know Gordon's."

"Nevertheless, it isn't Gordon's,

gentlemen. It's Nixon's."

"Nixon?"

They were looking at Father.

"Well, you have just drunk some of it. Prohibition or no Prohibition, we will always have Nixon as long as I can get the fixings. I made that while you fellows were mourning the coming of the Dark Ages."

Father never saw another such look of relief on the faces of men in his life.

Another of Father's customers was an elderly man who came into the drug store regularly, every other Sunday, for a liniment which was made of a half-ounce of oil of mustard and a quart of alcohol. He said it was for sciatica in his leg.

After several months a young man came in and asked Father whether he had been selling liniment to the old man.

"Yes," said Father, "why?"

"He isn't rubbing it on his leg, he's drinking it."

"How can he?" protested Father. "That stuff would burn right through his stomach."

"He adds a quart of boiling water to it and lets it cool. Enough of the mustard evaporates to make it taste all right. Don't fill his

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order again, please."

What a terrible crime that "Noble Experiment" was, exclaimed Father later. How many fictitious manufacturers of medicinal substances or preparations there were in the United States at that time! The general public got inferior medicines during Prohibition because of the greed of men who did not care about the health of their victims, who were unconcerned whether or not the medicines they sold were of inferior strength.

For every ounce of alcohol they could save, they got ten times the price they could get from the druggist. It could be made into synthetic whisky or gin.

As Father could not or would not change his ways with changing conditions, he continued to move in and out of jobs, but jobs were becoming harder and harder to get. The depression had devastated the country and jobs were scarce.

His financial arrangements were wilder and wilder. Once he blandly tried to borrow a hundred thousand dollars, without any collateral, to build a drug store according to his own theories. He was considerably annoyed at the

short-sighted policy of the bank that refused the loan.



DURING THE years of Father's experience in pharmacy, varying laws affected the nature of the things which drug stores could sell. In one drug store dynamite was sold to miners. One doctor was allowed to prescribe enough phosphorous to make his patient luminous.

There was a clerk who could prepare castor oil so no one could detect it, and every customer would call for the mixture that Jake put up.

Father became suspicious and watched Jake. Imagine his surprise when he found that he was giving glycerine instead of castor oil. No wonder the customers would drink every drop and smack their lips!

Frequently it is necessary for a pharmacist to call a physician and draw his attention to an error.

One night Father received a prescription calling for "Liquor Potass Arsenicum." It called for two ounces to "*Swab the baby's throat three times a day.*" The dose of this poison for an adult is three drops. The baby merely had an

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irritated throat. Father called the physician by telephone.

"Go ahead and fill it," the doctor said in a surly tone. "You are too cautious."

"There is something wrong, isn't there?" demanded the child's father when he called for the prescription a second time and was put off. This time Father explained the trouble. The horrified father promptly went to another doctor, who prescribed a mild swab of an antiseptic nature.

"Naturally," Father commented, "I lost the doctor's favors, but I didn't lose the customer's trade; and as his wife talked a lot, I didn't lose any prescriptions by being 'too particular and over-cautious.'"

On another occasion Father received a prescription calling for enough strychnine for a horse. He got in touch with the doctor, who was extremely grateful and said that he would call for his prescription and bring a new one to replace it so that his mistake would not be on record against him.

Most of the mistakes in regard to drugs, however, are due to the people who still continue to take medicine in the dark. In these

days of electric lights, there is no excuse for going to a medicine closet without turning on the light.



WHEN HE WAS sixty, Father found there was no longer any place for him in the business world.

He couldn't understand it. He still was able to work, and he had years of valuable experience behind him.

He was not given to self-pity; his mind was too active and his interests were manifold. For himself he did not mind greatly; he suspected that he was one of those men who are born ahead of their time, who foresee a better world but are unable to create it.

But on Mother's account he found it hard to reconcile himself to failure. The things she wanted were so small in themselves—but he was unable to get them for her.

When he discovered that, because of his age, he could not get a position as manager of a drug store, Father applied for work as a relief clerk.

The druggist asked him how he would fill a prescription that called for sodium bromide, two ounces, dissolved in peppermint water to make four ounces.

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Father thought he was kidding him. He rubbed up the solution.

"Then I suppose you would write the directions?" asked the druggist.

"Certainly, and put on a 'Shake Well' label, because it is a trifle cloudy. How do you make your peppermint water? With common hydrant water?"

"Yes, what's wrong with that?" he asked belligerently.

"You should use *distilled* water as called for in the Pharmacopoeia. *It always has been called for* so far as I know. I have never been a substituter, and I never will be." Father was indignant.

The druggist didn't like what Father had said. They had been talking rather loudly, and a few customers who had entered in the meantime heard clearly.

On their way out the druggist said, "The proprietor thinks you are a good prescriptionist and also a good salesman."

Father answered. "Your boss, not being a pharmacist, doesn't know a thing about my ability; and if you were the druggist you think you are, you would know that much. But let me tell you (he was right out in the store by now) I fill prescriptions right and from

what I have just seen of your ability, you don't." Father left.

If he must be a substituter to keep from being put on the shelf, he would go on the shelf. Let the younger, soda-jerking "druggists" ruin the good profession of pharmacy. Father wouldn't.



ONE DAY, not long before his death, Father was having a cup of coffee in a cafeteria. He left his table to get a glass of water and on his return found a man hastily backing away.

Father picked up his cup and noticed that the coffee smelled of peach kernels or almonds. Amygdala amara, or Bitter Almond, is the favorite poison used in detective novels. A flavoring is now made of a synthetic, harmless essence. Your cherry soda is fortified with it. But if you are offered a beverage other than peach, cherry or almond, which smells of almonds, don't drink it. For ten to one it contains prussic acid.

Father sent away the cup and got some fresh coffee. A few weeks later he picked up a newspaper and read that a man who had killed several people by dropping poison in their coffee in cafeterias

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had recently been arrested.

Father put down the paper. "Human stupidity is bad enough," he said wearily, "but human cruelty is the most hideous thing on earth. I wish to God I could feel that in some small way I had helped to fight it."

And if a lifetime of tireless service in protecting the public health, an unceasing effort to add to the sum total of human welfare, and a rich and abiding love for his

fellow man may be allowed to count, I think he did help.

"You know too much," the doctor told him, when he jeered at his attempts to encourage him in his last illness.

"I know a lot about sickness," he said wryly, "but not much about its cure; a lot about life, but nothing about death. It is going to be interesting to find out about it.

"Now, I have a theory . . ."

Solution to Spy Case on Pages 99-100

THE shrewd censor notes that Walter wrote to Frank frequently, submitting a "semi-monthly accounting." Yet on July 11th Walter is sending Frank a newspaper clipping bearing a March 9th dateline—suggesting it was taken from a file and used because of its special vocabulary.

In his letter Walter is careful to mention "many sales and other taxes" as explaining the odd amounts; even so, the censor found Walter had made one mistake. Turn back to the Cost column and look at the seventh item from the bottom of the list—\$2.03. But Walter then lists under "My share" the sum of \$4.40 as something he admits owing out of \$2.03. Walter, the censor saw, was confined to a

rigid arrangement of his figures.

The censor discovered that numbers after the decimal (the "cents") referred to the line in the two-column, 68-line clipping. Figures before the decimal (the "dollars") referred to the word in that line. Thus: 3.54—54th line, 3rd word—kill. 1.33—5th line, first word—campaign, et cetera.

This is the message within his letter:

Kill campaign of threats. Public indignation high and Latin authorities providing increased penalties. Experts dispute Cape Horn's merits as second arena. Mexican ring showed up, fifteen in jail. In embroidered cushions have wadded 20,000 pesos paper, 5,000 peso silver. But series nine filed in leg of idol.

Features You Won't Want to Miss in the
October Coronet—out September 25th.

Looking Forward

IMPREGNABLE PANAMA by Michael Evans

"American Pepperpot" are the words for Panama, where spies are thick as molasses. Nevertheless, the Canal Zone is one of the safest spots in the American defense setup—and here is why.

BABIES BY SEMI-ADOPTION by Gretta Palmer

The case for "Test Tube Babies" has many obstacles to overcome—both legal and psychological. One of America's best known writers on feminine topics brings this subject up to date.

DON'T CALL ME COP! by Jay Cameron Hall

"—at least not to my face. Call me Officer!" With these words a five-year veteran of the Pasadena Police force introduces for the first time rules of etiquette on "how to get arrested."

New Fiction Feature: ALL ROUTES COVERED by George Harmon Cox

Six lives, at least, were definitely altered when Joe Taylor stepped out of the snow and cold—into that warm living room. Proving that getting a newspaper out is just about as important as writing a story for it.

New Bookette:

BEHIND THE RISING SUN by James R. Young



Jimmy Young, newspaperman in Japan for thirteen years, believes we can learn more about the Oriental by watching his everyday life than through studying his economic standards. That is why *Behind the Rising Sun* is so filled with amusing, often macabre anecdotes about Japan.

In addition: *Lombardo, the Corn King*; *Reports from the Dead* by R. DeWitt Miller; *A New Yorker's Idea of the United States*, double-page map in full color; twenty-six features in all, plus a miscellany of marginal attractions.

New Picture Story: THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE by John Steinbeck

The same genius who wrote *The Grapes Of Wrath* tells the story of the coming of modern medicine to the natives of Mexico—with 31 stirring photographs selected from the Steinbeck film of that name.

Watch for the October Coronet—on Sale September 25th

Defense Savings Program

Having no facilities for running an advertisement, even for so worthy a cause as the *Defense Savings* program, Coronet this month enthusiastically dedicates this space to that remarkable plan.

For it is remarkable—even aside from its effectiveness as a part of America's all-out defense effort.

So far as we know, it is the only program for financing war or defense ever designed to safeguard our future—as well as to raise money.

There is no quota, no time limit, no finger-pointing at those unable to participate, as during the First World War. Instead, there are three major non-fiscal aims. These aims are:

1. To persuade Americans, of their own free will, to become active partners with their government in this national enterprise.

2. To have as much as possible of our current money income put into bonds and stamps, to help cope with heightened costs of living.

3. To encourage millions of individuals to create personal reserves against the temporary distress which may follow when peace comes—as a sort of shock-absorber.

With such democratic aims, America's program of *Defense Savings* is easily worthy of the American principles it seeks to protect.

Which makes it worthy of the support of each of us.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 8

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive the gatefold, "Ichabod Crane" as my free September reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover the cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- ☐ The Heavens in Color (enclose 10c)
- ☐ Shadowgraph: Color Photograph by Barrett Gallagher (enclose 10c)
- ☐ Ichabod Crane: Painting by Norman Rockwell (no charge)

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Note: Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid until Sept. 25, 1941.

The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF THE BALLOTING ON PROJECT #10

Never have opinions been more difficult to compile than yours pertaining to Project No. 10 (Coronet's Policy on Fiction).

Perhaps the blame lies with us, in the wording of our questions. At any rate, we're in the position of the boy who, adding up the column of figures ten times, obtained ten different answers. The conclusion we are forced to accept is that no conclusion is forthcoming.

Two facts, however, were made very clear to us by your answers:

1. Far from being discontinued,

Coronet's fiction needs even greater emphasis—as a *feature* rather than as balance material.

2. It is *quality*, not *quantity* or *length*, which must be the determining factor in selecting Coronet's fiction.

All right. That's clear enough. From now on, we'll point to fiction as a primary feature of each issue. We'll make a concerted drive to obtain for you the very *best* fiction available.

This month, we are including just one story—one which we consider truly worthy of the treatment it has been given. We hope you agree.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #10

For the best letter on Project No. 10, the first prize has been awarded to Mr. C. Coulson, Chicago, Illinois; second prize to Mr. Ralph Mahoney, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; and third prize to Mrs. W. B. Kinney, Oak Park, Illinois.

Project #14

THE CORONET MONTHLY GALLUP REPORT

With this issue, the new Coronet Gallup Report reaches its three-month birthday. Dr. George Gallup's surveys have up to now covered the subjects of college draftees, income tax and defense industry strikes. Do you like the features? What subjects should the report cover in the future? Which of these three policies shall be adopted regarding it?

- a. The Gallup Report should be continued monthly in Coronet.
- b. It should be included only on scattered occasions.
- c. It should be discontinued altogether in the future.

Your reasons for the selection of one of these alternatives, stated in a letter, may win for you one of Coronet's three monthly awards of \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize and \$5 third prize. Mail your letters before September 25th to the Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.